

APRIL 23, 1984

\$1.75

TIME

**"WE'VE GOT IT"
A Repair Job
In Space**



MINING NICARAGUA'S HARBORS

POLICY COLLISION

“ Bill, how can we back his foreign policy when we don't know what the hell he is doing? Mine the harbors in Nicaragua? This is an act violating international law. It is an act of war. For the life of me, I don't see how we are going to explain it. ”

—Senator Goldwater
to CIA Director Casey

“ The real issues are whether we want to stand by and let a Communist government in Nicaragua export violence and terrorism in this hemisphere, and whether we will allow the power of the ballot box to be overcome by the power of the gun. ”

—The White House



A herd of brown horses running in a field. The horses are in motion, with some in the foreground and others in the background. The background is a green field under a clear sky.

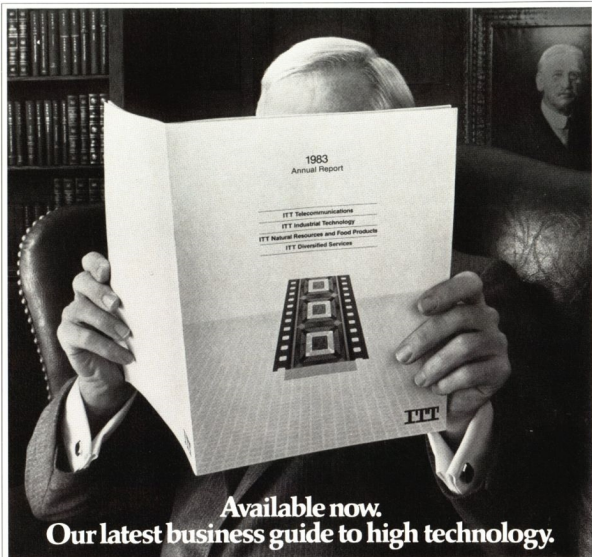
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17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 83

A photograph of a herd of brown horses running through a green field. The horses are in motion, with some showing white markings on their faces. The word "Country." is overlaid in large white text on the left side of the image.

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A Letter from the Publisher

U.S. politics is an endurance test not only for presidential candidates but for those who report on them. The pace in this year's race for the Democratic nomination has been especially grueling, as we show in our Nation story. The sort of 18-hour day, for example, in which Candidate Gary Hart made nine stops in seven cities in four states has not been uncommon. For correspondents, the problems seem to stretch unendingly: the usually mediocre, sometimes terrible food; fitful and minimal sleep; the struggle for clean clothes (all-night laundromats are indispensable); and the tedium of long waits.

Says Sam Allis, who has been following Walter Mondale for TIME: "When I look back on this year, it will almost certainly be a blur. I have eaten every known kind of Danish and tasted coffee that was clearly brewed from petroleum byproducts. I have watched my waistline spread steadily since last October, when I started this strange game. It was no fun watching Walter Mondale shake hands at a factory gate in freezing rain in Rock Island, Ill., at 6:30 a.m. But covering his big comeback victory in that state republic with interest all the days of journalistic slogging."



Allis with Mondale on the candidate's plane

Jack White has been with Jesse Jackson's campaign much of the time since last summer, even before it officially began. Following Jackson can be particularly demanding, notes White: "Jackson keeps 16-hour days, delivering up to seven 30-minute speeches. Most are extemporaneous, requiring careful attention to his every word. He seldom uses a prepared text, and then never sticks to it."

David Beckwith, who has been accompanying Gary Hart in recent weeks, has devised his own survival rules: 1) Get your shirts done at every opportunity, even if you seem to have enough clean ones. 2) Eat often because you never know when you will get another meal. 3) File your reports as early as possible to avoid end-of-the-day exhaustion. 4) Have faith, your body can and will adapt to the tortures of constant travel. The rigors of the campaign may be partly responsible for a major change that Beckwith has lately observed in the press corps. "It's more professional and far more serious than it used to be," he explains. "It's possible now for a flight attendant on the campaign plane to go down the aisle with the drink cart and fail to find a single taker."

John A. Meyers

Index

Cover: Illustration by David Suter



16 Cover: CIA-supported rebels have been mining Nicaraguan harbors, but the blasts do more damage to Reagan's policy than to the Sandinistas. Questions about U.S. intervention have no easy answers. See NATION.



42 World: Chernenko gets another title, and the Soviets drop hints of an Olympic boycott. ▶ One million Brazilians demand a return to democracy. ▶ A Japanese TV show stirs controversy in the U.S. ▶ A rare look inside East Germany.



62 Space: Challenger returns to earth after a celestial cliffhanger that opens a new chapter in orbital exploration. By repairing Solar Max, the astronauts prove that spacemen can indeed work while weightless.

32 Nation

Pennsylvania gives Walter Mondale a commanding lead as the Democratic race takes a halftime breather. ▶ Mondale reflects on his campaign. ▶ The grueling pace makes exhaustion a political factor. ▶ Ronald Reagan also hits the stump, falteringly. ▶ A pizza connection is busted.

14 American Scene

Four Soviets visit a small West Virginia college to talk about life-styles, languages, and issues that divide.

76 Living

Snazzy clothes debut at the fall fashion previews in Paris and Milan, but the heavy action comes later, at the salesrooms.

65 Religion

A reshuffle in the Vatican puts Pope John Paul's men, including an engaging Cardinal from West Africa, in key jobs.

80 Books

Anthony Burgess lists 99 "best" novels and writes one more of his own. ▶ A scholar looks at marriage. ▶ A young Pynchon's tales.

66 Economy & Business

Life after the Bell breakup. ▶ Lehman Brothers sells out. ▶ Headhunting in executive suites. ▶ The best places to work.

83 Cinema

Goldie Hawn and Robin Williams lead the march of films that are trying to catch the spring fever raging at the box office.

72 Behavior

Criminal charges involving a California nursery-school staff point up the vulnerability of young children to sexual abuse.

85 Essay

Where's the beef? Every organized pressure group seems to have one against stereotypes in ads or commercials.

74 Show Business

Terms of Endearment wins five Oscars, with James Brooks taking the triple crown for best direction, writing and picture.

8 Letters 75 People 86 Milestones

TIME

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Let's say you're a secretary in a company large or small. You're bright, and ambitious, and someday you want to be a sales executive, or a financial analyst, or you may want to do precisely the job your boss is doing now. So you enroll in college at night, knowing that your company is willing to invest in your future by refunding your tuition payments to you.

It's a familiar scenario, especially useful for minorities and women in search of a better life. But the legislation under which tuition refunds received favorable tax treatment has expired, and unless Congress votes an extension, the scenario will be drastically altered.

Without an extension, our mythical secretary in pursuit of a college degree would find that the tuition refund is now imputed income—on which income taxes are due. And the company making the tuition refund would have to withhold taxes on it.

Ironically, should a typist take a course in word processing, any tuition refund would be tax-free, on the theory that the course of study is directly job-related. The net result is to deter those who aspire to better jobs and more responsibility, and to keep lower-income people locked into their poorer-paying jobs.

The issue affects blue-collar workers as well. The Communications Workers of America, for example, warns that taxing employees on the value of training they receive could cause fewer of them to enroll in training programs, and thereby threaten their job security. Apprenticeship programs could also be imperiled.

Our own experience tells us that tuition refund plans help precisely those who need them most. Of the nearly 3,000 Mobil people who took advantage of our program in 1982, the great majority are in the lower-paid categories of our workforce.

We're aware of the need to cut the horrendous federal deficits. The absence of taxes on tuition refunds cost the U.S. Treasury \$20 million last year, and will cost another \$25 million this year. That's a lot of money, but not in the context of \$200 billion deficits. As the American Society for Training and Development points out, the Treasury recovers far more than it loses through the higher taxes paid by people who develop the skills to get better jobs.

The Senate Finance Committee has voted a two-year extension for favorable tax treatment of tuition refunds. The House has not addressed the issue. We hope the full Senate—and, subsequently, a Senate-House conference committee—will retain the extension. America's elected leaders should promote the efforts of individuals to brighten their futures. Banana peels have no place on the economic ladder.

Mobil

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Letters

Haig Speaks

To the Editors:

After reading Alexander Haig's memoirs [SPECIAL SECTION, April 2], I realize that his defeat was not self-inflicted. Haig made the mistake of being a professional in a collection of amateurs. He is honest and intelligent. It is a great loss for this country that he is no longer Secretary of State.

Michael R. Gossett
Gurley, Ala.

I was amazed by the shallowness of the man.

William R. Porter
Grants Pass, Ore.

Haig will be remembered as the man who came in a lion and left a lamb.

Andrew A. Gerda
Pittsburgh



What a shame that a giant like Haig was toppled by a midget like Meese.

Jack Zawid
Atlantic City, N.J.

Haig's self-serving comments were insufferable.

Mark E. Rorvig
Berkeley, Calif.

I object to Haig's use of the word obsequiousness in referring to Jimmy Carter. The former President's quiet way of attaining his goals is preferable to Haig's belligerence.

Leone M. Cobb
Hardwick, Vt.

Middle East Views

In his interview with TIME's editors, President Hafez Assad of Syria [WORLD, April 2] wrongly attributes American support of Israel to the political power of an "organized Jewish force that dictates its views through the media and through financial institutions." Assad should realize that Israel is strategically important to

RUBY FOX: Wife, mother, businesswoman, National Woman Pistol Champion, former World Air Pistol Champion; contender for the U.S. Olympic Shooting Team — Life Member of the National Rifle Association.

"Competitive shooting has taught me to believe in myself. Even when my score doesn't match my performance, I know I've given 100%. It's a feeling of accomplishment.

"One of the first things I hope to teach young shooters is to feel good about themselves... the importance of mental preparation. Children who have learned proficient athletics with a pistol or rifle understand discipline. It makes them better people.

"Shooting sports are among the oldest Olympic events, and the NRA has supported our shooters all the way — with funds for training centers, coaches, equipment and thousands of tournaments. The NRA is an open-minded, positive organization. They listen to what you have to say... and they do a fantastic job.

"Without NRA programs, shooting wouldn't be an Olympic sport. Without the NRA, we wouldn't have competitive shooting at all."

I'm the NRA.



As the national governing body for the shooting sports, the NRA works with the U.S. Olympic Committee to support, select and train America's Olympic Shooting Team. The NRA provides our athletes with range facilities, coaches and programs. If you would like to join the NRA and want more information about our programs and benefits, write Harlon Carter, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. RF-27, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America.

Letters

the U.S. because it serves as a counterbalance to nations like Syria that are under the influence of the Soviets.

*Scott F. Sadoff
Baltimore*

As Assad's comments make clear, the only way to achieve peace in the Middle East is for this country to adopt an unbiased policy in that area. Americans will soon realize that close to \$3 billion a year for Israel does not foster peace.

*Robert S. Hart
Dallas*

In its short history, Israel has occupied portions of Jordan, Syria, Egypt and Lebanon. It has bombed Iraq, invaded Lebanon and passively stood by while refugees were massacred. Yet not one leader has asked the obvious question: Why does Israel object to defensive weapons for Jordan and Saudi Arabia?

*Evelyn Adams
La Grange, Ill.*

The interview with Assad did not include questions about Syria's abuse of human rights or the massacre at Hama, where Assad ordered thousands of Syrians killed. Nor was he asked about Syria's Jews, who cannot leave the country.

*Joel Hass
Parkville, Australia*

My answer to King Hussein and President Assad: Abdicate your throne and resign from your presidency, schedule free elections, and release your political prisoners. Only then can you dare ask for American evenhandedness.

*Ariel Ferdman
Cambridge, Mass.*

Poisoned Weapons

If Iraq is using poison gas [WORLD, April 2], it would use nuclear weapons if it had them. The world is in debt to Israel for destroying the Iraqi nuclear plant a few years ago.

*John Gillard Watson
Oxford, England*

Measuring Mitterrand

Europe desperately needs a statesman like François Mitterrand [WORLD, April 2] to help ensure peace and a strong economy. He is firm in his policies toward the East bloc countries, yet recognizes the importance of a strong European Community. He is the only Socialist I admire.

*Martin Kleen
Bad Windsheim, West Germany*

The French left elected a Socialist President in May 1981, only to discover that Mitterrand is neither a Marxist nor a

Socialist. He is a turncoat and warmonger, as demonstrated by his policies in Chad and Lebanon and his stand in favor of Euromissiles. As a French civil servant and teacher, I have seen my living standard deteriorate and my taxes increase. I voted for Mitterrand in 1981. Next time I will think twice before I give him my vote.

*Pierre A. Dayre
Montfermeil, France*

Mitterrand may have shown determination and foresight in his foreign policies, but his management of France's domestic affairs has been woefully incoherent. France has had to pay heavily for Mitterrand's spending. The Socialist dream is over.

*François Vannereau
Besançon, France*

Congratulations on your story concerning France's political and economic situation. Your report was comprehensive and unbiased.

*Alfred W.H. Spencer
Strasbourg, France*

Cardinal and Crucifixes

Considering how brutal the Polish government can be, it is better to take down the crucifixes in Polish schools

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Maybe even all the way to Mexico.

LAWRY'S

[WORLD, March 26], as Cardinal Glemp suggests, than to have the entire Polish Roman Catholic hierarchy in prison.

*Angelina Sciolla
Southampton, Pa.*

Pickup Pooch

Bravo to Charles Kuralt and his loving look at us Americans in his television series *On the Road* [PRESS, April 2]. However, I was concerned when I learned that Kuralt wants to do a show about dogs riding in the back of pickup trucks. If he loves dogs, Kuralt will do a story on why these animals should not sit there. Riding in the wind is devastating to those soft, lovely eyes. Ask a veterinarian.

*Elizabeth Pinkham
Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

Blighted Housing

Your article surveying public housing [NATION, Feb. 13] described the St. Nicholas Houses in Harlem as a place where "elevators rarely work" and said the project's 4,000 residents had had heat "only intermittently" this winter. Our records show that for January only one of the project's 28 elevators was out of service, because we had difficulty obtaining a new part. The remaining 27 lifts were out of service (from the time they were reported out to the time they were repaired) 2.1% of their running time. As for heat, 47 com-

plaints (out of 1,526 apartments) were made during the cold month of January. All were dealt with within 24 hours. This is a far cry from elevators rarely working and heat being supplied intermittently.

*Val Coleman, Director
Public Information
New York City Housing Authority
New York City*

Postman Ringing

The U.S. Postal Service should be profitable [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, April 2]. Thanks to Congress, it is immune from paying damages that result from bungled mail delivery. I learned the hard way. My passport, which was sent by certified mail, lay in the San Francisco post office for two weeks awaiting delivery. The Postal Service deserves the ridicule piled on it.

*Robert B. Jackson
St. George, Utah*

Thank you for your article on the U.S. Postal Service. I have recently been hired to operate one of the automated bar-code sorters that you described, and am amazed at the speed and efficiency of this machine. Before my appointment, I had the impression that many people working in the post office were "coasting" in a well-paying civil service job. This is not the case. The increased productivity should in part be attributed to the attitude of the service's workers. The cooperation and communi-

cation between management and labor are the best I have experienced.

*Andrew M. Keen
Pitman, N.J.*

Sober Beer

Your report on low-alcohol beer [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, April 2] reminds me of Prohibition days, when we used to hear the ditty "Near beer sold here but no beer sold near here."

*Chester Scoggins
Encinitas, Calif.*

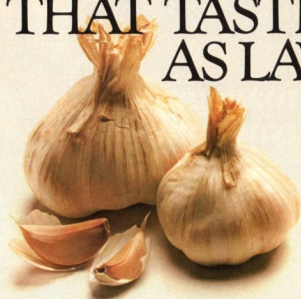
Rural Lingo

Country expressions, as Steve Allen observed [LETTERS, April 2], are the most colorful in our language. My wife, who is from Oklahoma, has given me many that I have used in my work as a motion-picture songwriter. She told me of one student who, when asked by the teacher if he was finished with his exam paper, answered, "Purt nigh but not plumb." This became the title of a song for Dinah Shore in *Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick*.

*Jay Livingston
Los Angeles*

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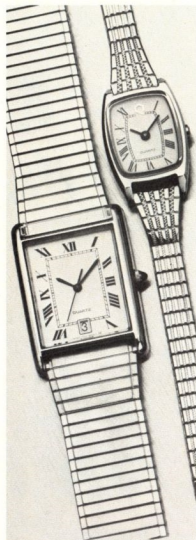
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you changed your watchband?

American Scene

In West Virginia: Comradeship



Members of Soviet embassy are escorted by Salem College President Ronald Ohl, foreground

“West Virginia wants to meet some Russians! How about it? We look forward to your response.”

That exclamatory request, over the signature of an official of Salem College, a tiny liberal arts institution in the vertical world of Appalachia, was dispatched last February to the Soviet embassy in Washington. The letter, written at the direction of Ronald E. Ohl, president of the college, pointed out that Soviet-American relations “are not getting better” and asked that the embassy send some representatives to West Virginia to talk face to face.

The embassy acquiesced with alacrity, and late last month a Lincoln Continental bearing West Virginia plates (the embassy had requested the license number beforehand, along with the route to the college) arrived in the capital to collect Oleg and Ksana Benyukh and Oleg and Irina Shibko. The driver was Calvin Carstensen, director of community education at the college, and when he met his passengers they handed him a map with a route sketched out that flummoxed him. To go their way would inflate the normal driving time—4½ hours—by half again or more.

Directly, however, Carstensen learned that just as there are areas in the Soviet Union that are off limits to Americans, so are there counties in the U.S. that are off limits to Soviets. These restricted spots do not always make sense, as they would, say, if a military installation were involved. But they make sense enough to the Kremlin and to the State Department. Thus the way back was taken out of the bewildered driver's hands, and they went the long way round. The passengers did not complain, although Irina Shibko got carsick.

The schedule called for a president's reception at 4 p.m., with punch and

snacks, followed by a dinner in the cafeteria, followed by a question-and-answer session at 7 p.m. The big Lincoln grolwed round spiny hills whose flanks were flecked with dead old cars, over swollen brown rivers, through towns where businessmen affect three-piece suits the color of certain gaudy birds—the passengers being made tardier by the minute.

Meanwhile, the guests at the college had been alerted about the delaying circumstances. At 7 p.m., in a meeting hall, a couple of instructors refreshed them on Soviet history and told them that “our intention is not to antagonize or further antagonize these people but to bring the discussion onto common ground.” The audience, numbering about 250, was reminded that “after the revolution of 1917, the U.S. was among the nations trying to destabilize the Marxist regime. We tend to forget that; they never will.” Looking at his watch, one speaker said it seemed to him that “at times our governments get in the way of any possible negotiations.” The audience grew angry at the inhospitality of its own State Department. At 8 p.m. the Soviets walked in to a standing ovation in a room full of sympathy.

Oleg Benyukh, chief of the information department at the Soviet embassy and the leader of this delegation, opened by saying there are “too many things that divide us,” so he would prefer to spend the evening talking about the “things that will unite us.” He added, “I'm of the opinion that the Americans know about my country many times less what we in my country know about the U.S.” He said Americans were more interested in themselves than in their neighbors, let alone foreigners. The audience did not make a sound.

The first question, when question time came, was whether there was nature pres-

ervation in the Soviet Union. And Benyukh said yes, adding sorrowfully that "there are poachers everywhere in the world now." The second question: What surprises had they found when they first came to this country? Oleg Shibko, first secretary of the embassy, said the friendliness and "your high level of life." Benyukh then took the floor and said that despite all the criticism he had heard about it, "I love New York."

The next question was concerned with what the Soviet people do for recreation, for vacations. Irina Shibko, assistant managing editor of *Soviet Life*, a propaganda magazine put out by the embassy ("It is certainly propaganda," she had said earlier, "but what is not in this world of ours?"), said the Soviets do essentially what the Americans do on holidays.

Mrs. Shibko went on to say that the "standard of living is high here, but we have things in Soviet Union you don't have here: free education." The virtues of free education in the Soviet Union and the convenient ignorance of primary and secondary public education in America consumed the next quarter-hour, kicked off



Secretary Shibko raps with Salem students

by a simple question about vacations, and finally the talk got around to the multilingual Soviets as opposed to the one-language Americans. "We speak English to Americans; Americans don't speak Russian to us," was one of the remarks. "Perhaps you've been too rich for too long or too safe for too long, but I sense a bit of arrogance," was another.

The evening ended humbly.

Next morning the visitors were taken to several schools in the region. At Lincoln High, moments before the Soviets arrived, the loudspeaker blared, "Students are reminded that our first responsibility is to make a favorable impression for our friends from the great country of Russia." On the front steps, Band Director Louis Oliverio had arrayed his finest musicians. He had worked feverishly to get the music to the Soviet national anthem, obtained it

less than 24 hours before, and now the Cougar band got through it without a hitch.

Benyukh, pleased, said it would be only right if the band followed up with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Without sheet music, with a gulp or two, and with a roll of the timpani, the young scholars commenced, the cheeks on the horn players collapsing and filling like hearts. With the exception of two trumpets that fell shy of the highest notes, they acquitted themselves all right.

The only town of consequential size in the area of Salem College is Clarksburg, a coal town of about 22,000 people, and it was to Clarksburg the visitors were taken that afternoon for a public meeting.

In an 1839 house in the center of Clarksburg, a place called Waldomere that had once been a library, punch and cookies were being served to about 100 citizens awaiting the Soviets. On the sidewalk across the street was an aged Cadillac hearse along the side of which had been painted **RUSSIANS GO HOME**. The driver, Richard Hofmann, a heating and air-conditioning man, stood on the porch of Waldomere in a knot of Veterans of Foreign Wars until the police came and told him if he did not move his hearse they would tow it away. He moved it, then came back to hear Bill Smith, wearing his V.F.W. cap, say, "They tell me they're going to get a Russian professor out there at the college."

"Good," said Hofmann. "It'll give us something to shoot at on Saturday night."

The Soviets arrived in the Lincoln Continental, which Carstensen parked on the sidewalk. Said Hofmann: "Anybody tell them they can't park there?"

Inside, Benyukh started it off pretty much as he had the night before: "There is so much today that divides us, divides us bitterly, so it is very noble to search restlessly for whatever it is that unites us."

In the two-hour question-and-answer session that followed, however, one of the things that divide us arose. The prickly question had to do with the Korean airliner shot down last year, and having it posed obviously displeased Oleg Benyukh, who said, "I would have refrained from this." Then he gave an extemporaneous rendition, a variation of the by now familiar explanation: "At the time the plane was shot down it was shadowed by an American reconnaissance plane for a long distance. . . . Our pilot did not know it was a passenger plane. . . . It was without lights. It would not respond. It was absolutely dead as far as the radio goes. . . . It flew 500 miles into Soviet space and the local commander, the local commander, ordered it be brought down."

The public meeting ended with punch and friendly talk of selecting "a sister city" for Clarksburg somewhere in a coal-mining region of the Soviet Union. The guests got back in the big Lincoln, and Carstensen shoved it into gear for the long ride home. All save six or seven of the gathered West Virginians waved goodbye, waved for dear life—the purpose of the meeting, as everyone knew.

—By Gregory Jaynes

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ELECTRICITY FROM THE ATOM

Are we moving in the right direction?



The value of nuclear power is being questioned these days mainly because of serious financial problems with some plants under construction. What's often overlooked is that with 80 plants operating, nuclear-generated electricity is already being used extensively, safely, and economically.

Three hundred nuclear plants now generate electricity worldwide, and 200 more are being built. But in the U.S., recent plant cancellations and high construction costs have hampered the progress of nuclear power.

A decade of economic and energy upheavals

The energy crises of the 1970s jolted the whole world into a new eco-

nomie era. America and many other industrialized countries fell into damaging recessions that we're only now coming out of.

The world of nuclear energy was transformed, too. The high interest rates and inflation of an oil-shocked economy, plus a massive updating of safety regulations, plus construction slowdowns, made many of the nuclear plants now under construction much more expensive than they were when originally planned.

Yet these plants will still be needed, because demand for electricity is growing. While the use of *non-electric* energy has declined, U.S. consumption of *electric* energy has increased by over 25 percent since the Arab oil embargo. In 1983, the hot summer, cold winter, and economic recovery caused more electricity to be used in this country than ever before.

A growing economy needs more electricity

America is turning increasingly to electricity for its energy requirements.

Industry is shifting to manufacturing processes that use electricity for better energy efficiency. Electronic technology is improving productivity. Our heating and cooling needs in offices, factories, malls, and homes continue to boost electrical demand.

Every yearly increase in the U.S. Gross National Product has been accompanied by a comparable increase in the use of electric power. Last year, for example, GNP grew by 3.3 percent, while electricity output grew by 3.6 percent.

Without a reliable supply of reasonably priced electricity, economic growth—and the social benefits that go with it—would suffer.

So the question raised in the past



Laser technology is one of many industrial innovations that are totally dependent on electricity. U.S. demand for electric power has risen over 25 percent in the last decade.

few months boils down to this: Can nuclear power plants, fueled by uranium, produce reasonably priced electricity?

Uranium saves money and fuel

There are 80 nuclear plants now licensed to generate electricity in 28 states throughout the country.

The average cost of electricity from the 80 operating nuclear plants is less than half the cost of electricity from power plants that burn oil. And, in many regions of the country, nuclear-generated kilowatt-hours cost roughly the same as or somewhat less than coal-generated kilowatt-hours.



Over the past 4 years, 17 nuclear power plants have received operating licenses from the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Twenty-eight states have nuclear-electric generating plants; 10 states get more than a third of their electricity from these plants.

If the electricity provided by nuclear plants between 1974 and 1982 had been provided instead by power plants burning fossil fuels, then consumers would have paid between \$30 billion and \$40 billion more for electricity, depending on the type of fuel substituted for uranium.

Most of the nuclear plants now operating were built before the years of double-digit inflation and persist-

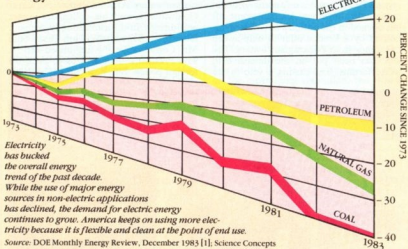
ently high interest rates, which have been a huge factor in the higher cost of the plants now approaching completion. Even so, over their 30- to 40-year lifetimes, these new plants can provide economic benefits because of the lower cost of uranium fuel.

Renewing the nuclear promise

The lower cost of fuel is one big advantage of nuclear electricity. Another benefit is that nuclear power plants are environmentally clean. And they also have one of the best safety records of any major industrial enterprise.

Nuclear electricity helps balance the mix of fuels that keeps our lights on and our economy growing. We cannot afford to repeat past mistakes and become too dependent on any one energy source.

Electric vs. non-electric energy use



So what is being done to assure that nuclear power maintains its contribution to America's energy mix?

Utilities have learned that they must be realistic about what it takes to construct and run a nuclear generating station.

They have already taken a big step in this direction by forming the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations, which helps utilities improve construction quality as well as the overall safety of plant operations. Utilities have also been beefing up their

nuclear engineering staffs and strengthening their operator training programs.

At the same time, the Federal government is moving to reform the nuclear regulation process, which causes needless delays and often adds hundreds of millions of dollars in excessive construction and operating costs. Several regulatory reform bills that promote the standardization of nuclear plants are before Congress now.

But these steps alone are not enough. The full potential of nuclear power will be achieved only with a full public understanding of its benefits. Then, the development of America's nuclear-electric energy will continue to move in the right direction.

This is one in a continuing series of discussions about the electric future of America. For a free booklet that covers the subject in more detail, just fill out this coupon and mail it to:

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TIME/APRIL 23, 1984

COVER STORIES

Explosion over Nicaragua

Congress bitterly rebukes Reagan after reports of CIA-directed minelaying



The physical damage wrought so far by the mines that *contra* guerrillas took responsibility for sowing inside the harbors of Marxist Nicaragua would hardly be noticed in a declared war. The highest reported tally: six Nicaraguan vessels and six ships of five other nations damaged but none confirmed sunk; ten sailors seriously injured but no one killed.

The political damage caused by the mining and by subsequent revelations that the American CIA had directed and supervised it from a mother ship off Nicaragua's Pacific coast is on another order of magnitude altogether. A troublesome rift has opened in the nation's alliances, symbolized by a French offer to help sweep the mines from Nicaraguan waters. The U.S. has been put on the defensive in world forums, first casting a veto in the

United Nations Security Council against a complaint by Nicaragua's Sandinista government about the mining and other U.S.-financed *contra* activities, then declaring last week that the U.S. will not accept the jurisdiction of the World Court on protests filed by Nicaragua.

But the loudest and by far most serious detonation of all went off in Congress. Enraged by a feeling that they had been misled about the Administration's Central American policy, and deeply worried about where that policy is leading, the Senate passed by a landslide vote of 84 to 12 a nonbinding resolution demanding that no U.S. money be used to mine Nicaraguan waters. Arizona Republican Barry Goldwater voiced his colleagues' anger and dismay in an astonishingly pungent letter to CIA Director William Casey. Said Mr. Conservative: "I am pissed off ... The President has asked us to back his foreign policy. Bill, how can we back his

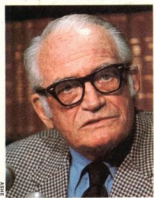
foreign policy when we don't know what the hell he is doing? Lebanon, yes, we all knew that he sent troops over there. But mine the harbors of Nicaragua? This is an act violating international law. It is an act of war. For the life of me, I don't see how we are going to explain it."

The fury of the response was startling. The mining was anything but secret, suspicions of CIA involvement were worldwide, and Administration briefings had offered Congress at least the opportunity to confirm them before the press did. Nonetheless, though Goldwater inexplicably voted against the antimining resolution, which was offered by Massachusetts Democrat Ted Kennedy, 42 of the Senate's controlling Republicans, including even Reagan's friend and campaign chairman, Paul Laxalt of Nevada, voted for it. Crowded California Democrat Alan Cranston: "The President asked for a bipartisan foreign policy. He's now got it." Reagan supporters closed ranks to make a House vote on an identical resolution closer and more partisan, but still it passed, 281 to 111. Said Daniel Ortega Saavedra, coordinator of the Sandinista junta: "We appreciate the efforts the United States Congress has made against the undeclared war the United States is waging against Nicaragua."

If the congressional rebellion stopped there, the White House could live with its consequences. Administration officials insisted that the mining had ceased more than a week before the Senate vote, and it would not have been resumed in any case. Reagan's supporters even struck a deal with Kennedy, under which the Senator withdrew a motion condemning U.S. refusal to accept World Court jurisdiction on Central American questions, and the White House in return made no effort to defeat the antimining resolution.

But many Senators and Representatives are determined to go further and cut off all U.S. aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*, crippling if not ending the guerrilla war they are waging inside Nicaragua. There the fighting intensified last week, with the *contras* launching coordinated attacks from across the Honduran border in the north and along the swampy Costa Rican border to the south. Fighting was especially fierce at the southern town of San Juan del Norte, where the rebels were hoping to establish a provisional government. *Contra* commanders told TIME that they

Congressional critics: House Speaker O'Neill; Senator Goldwater



Executive targets: President Reagan; CIA Director Casey





Contra guerrillas firing recoilless gun at Sandinistas during battle for the Nicaraguan town of San Juan del Norte

JAMES RACHTWEY—BLACK STAR

Interdicting arms to El Salvador, halting Nicaragua's export of Communism or overthrowing the government?

received American sea support for their operations at San Juan del Norte, a claim vehemently denied by U.S. officials in Washington (see following story).

Supposedly, covert U.S. financing of the *contra* campaign has long made Congress uneasy, but up to now a fragile coalition has accepted the Administration's arguments for it. These are, in essence, that aid to the *contras*' war is both justified to punish Nicaragua for supporting the leftist insurrection in neighboring El Salvador, and necessary to harass the Sandinistas into giving up their ambitions of fomenting Communist revolution throughout Central America. Only two weeks ago, the Senate tacked \$21 million for the *contras* onto an appropriations bill for famine relief in Africa, which was slated for quick approval.

Critics in and outside Congress, however, charge that Reagan's real purpose is to overthrow the Sandinista regime by force, and that to do it he is willing to bankroll a reckless *contra* campaign that could end by dragging the U.S. into a Viet Nam-style war in Central America. The mining has deepened their skepticism, and shaken the faith of Reagan supporters in the Administration's repeated assurances that its prime aim in backing the *contras* is to stop the flow of Communist weapons into Nicaragua and from there into El Salvador. Said Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine, explaining his vote last week for the antimining resolution: "We know that mines cannot distinguish between commercial vessels and those laden with Soviet and Cuban weapons. . . . With the destruction of each economic target in Nicaragua or in its harbors, our policy and its rationale become more tortured and tenuous."

When Congress reconvenes next week, after a ten-day Easter recess, the African famine-relief bill, which was passed by the House with no funds for the *contras*, will go to a House-Senate conference to have differences reconciled. Leaders of the Democratic-controlled House have instructed their conferees to demand that all money for the *contras* be stricken from the bill, and they will have some Republican support. The mining, says Silvio Conte of Massachusetts, ranking G.O.P. member on the House Appropriations Committee, is a "stupid, stupid thing." On the more general subject of aid to the *contras*, he vows, "They're not going to get a nickel, not a nickel!"

Military aid to the embattled government of El Salvador may be slashed deeply too. The Senate added \$62 million in aid to the African famine-relief bill, but House Speaker Tip O'Neill claims that he has the votes to cut that sum in half. After the mining uproar, he very well may have.

Administration officials contend that the Salvadoran army is running low on ammunition to stave off Communist guerrillas who might try to disrupt the nation's runoff presidential election scheduled for May 6. At week's end Reagan extended \$32 million of emergency help to El Salvador under standing authority conferred by the Arms Export Control Act. If Congress votes no new money for the *contras*, however, U.S. funding for them will run out in a matter of weeks and their guerrilla war will have to be drastically scaled down. The White House would consider that equivalent to notifying Nicaragua that it could serve as a base for Soviet and Cuban penetration of Central America.

In attempting to make that case, the Administration is hampered by poisonous suspicions about its motives and strategy that have spread far beyond Congress. Just as the Senate was preparing to vote on the antimining resolution, the White House felt obliged to issue an extraordinary statement in the names of Secretary of State George Shultz, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, CIA Director Casey and National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane. Said they: "We state emphatically that we have not considered, nor have we developed, plans to use U.S. military forces to invade Nicaragua or any other Central American country." They were responding to press accounts that the Administration had drawn up contingency plans to use U.S. combat troops in Central America after this year's presidential election. Such plans in fact exist, but in no more detail than the plans the armed forces have drawn, as they must, to deal with an outbreak of war in virtually any region of the world.

Scarcely had that statement been issued when the Pentagon had to deal with another press story, this time that American military trainers have flown with Salvadoran pilots on combat missions against the leftist guerrillas. Said Pentagon Spokesman Michael Burch: "We know of no missions in which U.S. pilots have been involved in combat operations."

Whatever the Administration may be able to salvage from Congress in the next few weeks, the uproar over its Central American policy will reverberate throughout the fall presidential campaign. Added to the debacle in Lebanon and the icy state of relations with the Soviet Union, the mining episode has re-

Nation



Resolution Author Kennedy

Mining equals blockade equals war.

vived an image of Reagan as both trigger-happy and inept in foreign policy. That is just the image the Democrats intend to build up. Cried Walter Mondale on the stump last week: "Ronald Reagan's misguided and counterproductive policies in Central America are widening, militarizing and Americanizing the conflicts, and it's gotten worse every day. For months, I've predicted that if Mr. Reagan contin-

ues this blundering course, ultimately American troops could well be fighting in Central America." It was a fair sample of the oratory voters will be hearing until November, whether the Democratic nominee is Mondale or Gary Hart.

The Shultz-Weinberger-Casey-McFarlane statement gave a strong hint of Ronald Reagan's probable response. "The real issues," it said, "are whether we in the United States want to stand by and let a Communist government in Nicaragua export violence and terrorism in this hemisphere and whether we will allow the power of the ballot box to be overcome by the power of the gun." In other words, are those who want to stop funding the *contras* and diminish aid to El Salvador willing to take the risk of having Communism spread throughout Central America, and if not, how do they propose to stop it? That is not a question Democrats find easy to answer. Mondale and Hart have confined themselves largely to denouncing Reagan's policy; others talk vaguely of a "carrot and stick" approach (military pressure plus negotiations) toward Nicaragua, but are unable to define it.

Unfortunately, Reagan's policy toward Nicaragua is also anything but a model of clarity. From the start, U.S. backing of the *contras* has been marked by ambiguities as to purpose, scope and methods. The CIA began secret arming



U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick

Europe owes the U.S. support too.

and training of Nicaraguan exiles in Honduras under the authority of National Security Decision Directive 17, signed by Reagan in December 1981. NSDD 17 specified the purpose as interdicting the flow of arms from Nicaragua to the Communist-led rebels in El Salvador. Hit-and-run raids by the *contras* could not accomplish that, however, and so, by April 1982, the goal of U.S. backing for the *contras*

A Court Without Authority

When the U.S. denied the World Court jurisdiction over its actions in Central America, the State Department quickly called the step a "tactical litigation move, not a sign of disrespect for the court." But the effect of the U.S. decision was to expose the court's limited clout.

Officially known as the International Court of Justice, the body was chartered in 1945 as the judicial organ of the United Nations, with its seat at The Hague. Its mandate: to settle disputes between nations and advise the U.N. on questions of international law. The court's 15 judges, each paid \$82,000 a year, are of different nationalities and elected to nine-year terms by members of the U.N. The court is not widely viewed as partisan, but the Reagan Administration is leery of its ties to the General Assembly, which is dominated by Third World countries. In more than 37 years, the court has reviewed only 48 cases. Its successful arbitrations almost always involve such prosaic matters as fishing rights. In thornier conflicts, most nations are unwilling to submit to its rulings. More than two-thirds of the U.N.'s 158 members, including West Germany, Italy, the Soviet Union, China and France, do not grant the court full jurisdiction over their international dealings; generally they recognize the court's authority only when it suits their purposes. The U.S. recognized the court's "compulsory jurisdiction" in 1946, but Congress reserved the right to reject the court's participation in cases involving "domestic" issues. The Nicaragua complaint, the Administration argued, fell within this capacious category.

There are precedents for last week's U.S. decision. In the 1950s, India, Australia and Britain refused to let the court arbitrate specific disputes. In 1970 Canada, fearing a lawsuit by the U.S. on marine pollution, told the court that it would

not submit to any ruling on the matter. In 1973 France denied the court's jurisdiction when New Zealand and Australia charged that French nuclear tests in the Pacific violated international law. The Reagan Administration differed from past recalcitrants only in its timing. Says Richard Gardner, professor of international law at Columbia University: "I'm not sure there is any other case where a defendant country has pre-empted jurisdiction literally on the eve of the case."

Harvard Law Professor Abram Chayes, a leading member of Nicaragua's legal team, argues that America's recognition of compulsory jurisdiction requires that the U.S. give six months' notice before it can deny jurisdiction to the court. Says Chayes, who formulated the legal defense for the Kennedy Administration's blockade of Cuba in 1962: "You can't withdraw when the other fellow sues you."

The U.S. took a very different attitude toward the court in 1980, when it sought to censure Iran for holding American hostages at the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Noted Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann: "When Iran refused to participate, the U.S. took the position that the court should go right ahead. When we take this step, it is regarded as improper and propaganda." This inconsistency made many U.S. legal scholars uncomfortable. The respected American Society of International Law, holding its annual meeting in Washington, adopted a resolution deploring the Administration's attempt to sidestep Nicaragua's legal challenge.

The Reagan Administration insists that its legal maneuvering served only to "preserve U.S. interests where the World Court could not." The court, quite frankly, is not what its name suggests, an international court of justice," argues Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. "It's a semilegal, semijudicial, semipolitical body, which nations sometimes accept and sometimes don't."

was redefined. It became to "harass" the Sandinistas so greatly that they would find the export of Marxist revolution too painful to continue and therefore would give it up.

The intelligence committees of Congress were informed, and assented, but from the first, members of the House Intelligence Committee worried lest the *contra* campaign cause a widening war in Central America that could eventually involve the U.S. directly. They wrote into law a provision that no American money could be used "for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Nicaragua."

The *contras* now number perhaps 14,000 and have expanded their operations from sporadic raids to a campaign that aims at disrupting the economy by cutting roads, blowing up power stations and ambushing government convoys.

Reagan continues to insist that he is scrupulously observing the letter of his own security directives and of the law. In his most recent press conference, on April 4, he asserted, in response to a question about mines in Nicaraguan ports: "Our interest in Nicaragua is one and one only." After running through the charge about Nicaragua's "exporting revolution to El Salvador," he said, "As long as they do that, we're going to try and inconvenience that government of Nicaragua until they quit that kind of action." In a letter to Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, made public on the same day in a successful effort to win Senate votes for aid to the *contras*, the President repeated that the U.S. "does not seek to destabilize or overthrow the government of Nicaragua."

Even if these assertions are taken at face value, critics point out, they lead to an unresolved dilemma. Suppose the Sandinistas do buckle under *contra* pressure and agree to leave El Salvador alone? That would not satisfy the *contras*: their aim is very openly to destroy the Sandinista regime. If the U.S. remained true to its avowed purpose, it would have to abandon the *contra* bands it had trained, armed and encouraged. Alternatively, it would have to negotiate some kind of amnesty under which the *contras* could lay down their arms and participate in the political life of Nicaragua. That would imply an internal transformation of the Sandinista regime far more sweeping than any pledge to keep its hand off its neighbors.

Reagan has further muddied the waters by talking at times as if he cannot imagine any U.S. deal with the Sandinistas. At a July 1983 press conference, he was asked whether he thought "if the present faction remains in power alone in Nicaragua there cannot be a satisfactory settlement." Reagan replied, "I think it would be extremely difficult, because I think they're being subverted, or they're being directed by outside forces." Other



Administration officials say the Sandinistas must end press censorship and hold free elections, both of which are well beyond bringing a halt to the export of Marxist revolution.

At least some Administration insiders confide that these demands mirror a real conflict among Reagan's lieutenants and possibly in the President's own mind. State Department officials insist that their aim really is simply to pressure the Sandinistas into negotiation with their neighbors and the U.S. But a faction in the Pentagon and the CIA cherishes hopes of ousting the Sandinistas, unlikely as it seems that the *contras* can ever accomplish that. The Nicaraguan army, including militia, totals 75,000. The President, at minimum, would be delighted to see the Sandinistas disappear. In theory, at least, the *contra* campaign could ultimately accommodate either goal: pressuring the Sandinistas to behave or turning them out of power.

Uneasy though Congress has been about supporting the *contras*, the Administration last fall talked it into approving an appropriation of \$24 million, which runs out in June. Money in hand, the Ad-

ministration decided to step up the pressure on the Sandinistas. Just who first suggested mining Nicaraguan harbors is impossible to determine: now that the move has backfired, State Department and CIA officials each whisper that the other agency originated the idea.

What is known is that an inter-agency committee representing State, Defense and the CIA by the end of 1983 agreed on a package of measures including mining. The President approved the package, without much specific attention to mining and little discussion of details. Laments one senior State Department official: "There was just not enough attention paid to this."

That seems remarkable. It should have been obvious that sowing mines would escalate the conflict to a dangerously higher political plane. Mining harbors is generally considered under international law to be equivalent to imposing a blockade, and a blockade is regarded as an act of war. Moreover, as one member of Congress observes, once the mines were sown, the *contra* campaign was no longer a matter of "Nicaraguans fighting other Nicaraguans inside Nicaragua"; ships of other nations were bound to be struck.

Though the U.S. involvement was kept secret—Washington has not officially acknowledged it even now—the *contras* announced as early as Jan. 8 that "we are mining all Nicaraguan ports [in fact, mines were sown in only three] to prevent the arrival of weapons from Cuba and the Soviet Union." The rebels warned all ships to stay away "because if they hit our mines, they will sink." Nobody paid much attention. On Feb. 25 three Nicaraguan fishing trawlers hit mines while entering the Atlantic port of El Bluff; the Sandinistas promptly issued a proclamation "to the world" blaming the U.S., and the CIA specifically. That statement was not widely noted either. But then mines began going off in the Pacific ports of Corinto and Puerto Sandino, damaging a Dutch cargo



Japanese freighter *Miyashima Maru* in Corinto after sustaining mine damage

Nation

vessel, Panamanian, Japanese and Liberian freighters and, on March 20, a Soviet tanker. Moscow had no doubt who was responsible; it accused the U.S. of "piracy."

U.S. allies began registering deep disapproval. In a supposedly confidential letter to some Latin American countries that promptly leaked in Colombia, French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson offered, "in cooperation with one or more European countries," to help sweep the mines from Nicaraguan ports. It was a clumsy play intended to prod Washington into adopting a less bellicose policy in Central America. No European country expressed interest in his proposal. But the concern the letter indicated was real. Said Cheysson last week: "If one accepts it [mining] in one part of the world, there is no reason not to accept it in the Strait of Hormuz as well." He was referring to the waterway through which most Persian Gulf oil bound for the West passes. Iran has threatened to mine the strait as part of its war against Iraq; Reagan has pledged to keep the passage open by any means necessary.

British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher protested the mining in the strongest terms to Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., who was in London. Privately, her ministers explained that they fear Reagan is heading toward a showdown with the Sandinistas that will make it all the harder to justify U.S. foreign policy to a European public



Improvised Nicaraguan minesweeper

already highly uneasy about placement of American nuclear missiles in Britain and on the Continent. Said a British government minister: "Grenada, Lebanon and now Nicaragua, again. These gung-ho displays really do not help us in defending American behavior." Said Kirkpatrick, replying to allied criticism generally: "Can we, who make a very large commit-

ment to the security of Europe, count on some reciprocal concern by Europe for our security?"

The Sandinistas on March 30 introduced a resolution in the U.N. Security Council denouncing the U.S. for "the escalation of acts of military aggression brought against" Nicaragua. Among America's friends, France and The Netherlands voted in favor and Britain abstained; the U.S. had to cast a veto. Nicaragua then announced, at the beginning of last week, that it had filed a case against the U.S. in the World Court in The Hague. The U.S. told that tribunal in advance that it would not recognize any World Court jurisdiction over Central American matters for two years. State Department Spokesman John Hughes explained that Washington felt it could not get a fair hearing because among other reasons it could not defend itself adequately against Nicaragua's charges without disclosing secret intelligence information. A Government statement added: "We do not wish to see the court abused as a forum for furthering a propaganda campaign."

Although there are precedents for the American stand (see box), it became a painful embarrassment for the Administration. Wyoming Republican Malcolm Wallop, one of Reagan's strongest defenders in the Senate, contends the U.S. mishandled the case. He believes it should

How to Block a Harbor

Many types of mines have been placed by those who are opposing the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, some relatively sophisticated and others seemingly handmade. According to U.S. intelligence officials, the 30 to 40 used under the supervision of the CIA have caused the most damage. They are smooth cylinders up to 10 ft. long and 21 in. wide, filled with 300 lbs. of C-4 plastic explosive. Weighted by another 300 lbs. of material, they are transported by a mother ship operating 30 miles offshore, carried closer inland by speedboats and dropped to the bottom of shipping channels.

These types of mines have a magnetometer that detects disturbances when heavy steel ships pass overhead. If the disturbance causes the magnetometer to reach a certain threshold, a jolt of electricity from a battery sets off the plastic explosive. After about six weeks, experts believe, the battery loses power and the mines become inactive. Because the mines were placed in deep channels, the explosions are unlikely to cause serious damage to ships. But those familiar with the operation say that "they will crack a seam in the ship, shake things up and knock people around." That is enough to cut off most shipping. "A mine raising spume 50 yds. away," says one official of Nicaragua's Sandinista government, "is

enough to make a captain turn around and head to the next port on his list."

The mines being used are far from state of the art. More modern varieties usually have detection and triggering devices that can be programmed to sink only specific types or models of ships.

Officials of the Nicaraguan military say that small unsophisticated mines have been placed in the harbors and in Lake Nicaragua, perhaps by *contras* operating independently of the CIA. Some are magnetic, others have acoustic triggers, and some merely float near the surface and explode on contact. "These mines are scattered indiscriminately at the entrances of ports," says one Nicaraguan officer. Unlike the large cylindrical mines, these "home-made" devices are not commercially produced. But their manufacture indicates a relatively high level of technical sophistication. Some are disguised with a rubberized cap that makes them look like rocks, and are set off by the wake of a passing ship. Says Edén Pastora, commandant of the wing of anti-Sandinista rebels that claims responsibility for setting explosives in Lake Nicaragua: "We made all the mines ourselves with simple materials that can be purchased on the worldwide black market." A Nicaraguan military official, however, says that most of the activity is directed by the U.S. His view: "The mining requires special skills that only the gringos have."



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Nation



American earth-moving equipment arriving in Honduras for military exercises

have filed a counterclaim in the World Court accusing Nicaragua of exporting revolution to El Salvador.

Through most of this turmoil, U.S. supervision of the mining was a matter of conjecture and supposition. It was quite obvious supposition to be sure, since the *contras* could hardly have placed the mines on their own. Then, a bit more than a week ago, word leaked that the CIA had stowed the mines aboard a mother ship and dispatched them into Nicaraguan harbors aboard small, fast boats manned by CIA-recruited and -trained commando teams. Indeed, some members of the House Intelligence Committee now contend they have been told by the CIA that the *contras'* role in the operation was primarily to serve as front men; most of the commandos were Salvadorans.

The stories were not denied, because they were true. Their appearance was a telltale sign of division within the Administration, at subordinate if not senior levels. Such leaks almost always come from officials seeking to torpedo a policy they regard as disastrously mistaken.

To Congress members already troubled by the foreign concern, the flap over the World Court and their own previous misgivings about the *contra* campaign, the press stories were the last straw. Many lawmakers sounded almost as outraged by what they contended was an Administration failure to inform them as they were offended by the policy. Senate Intelligence Committee Chairman Goldwater in his angry letter to Casey specifically accused the CIA director of failing to give the committee "the information we were entitled to receive; particularly, if my memory serves me correctly, when you briefed us on Central America just a couple of weeks ago."

In fact, members of the House Intelligence Committee say Casey told them about the CIA involvement as far back as

January, and Goldwater's memory of the Senate briefings was imperfect. Casey last week read back to the Senate Intelligence Committee remarks he had made about the mining that are contained in transcripts of briefings from March 8 and 13. That certainly did not end the dispute. Since the briefings were secret, the transcripts were also, so there was no way to check exactly what Casey said. The recollections of Senators who attended the briefings differ so sharply that they might be describing different meetings.

Republican Senator Wallop says that Casey supplied "all sufficient details for anybody to draw correct conclusions." He charges that some of his colleagues are expressing outrage now to hide their embarrassment at failing to appreciate the significance of Casey's testimony and to

ask the CIA director probing questions.

A Democrat on the committee, on the other hand, asserts that "Casey did mention mining but in the midst of a list of other actions the *contras* were taking. At no time did he say the CIA was directly involved in mining or that President Reagan had authorized it." New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan is pedantically precise. Says he: "The reference on March 8 consisted of one sentence of 27 words, and the word mines appeared once. On March 13, there was another sentence of 26 words and the word mines appeared once. We are not meant to pick up the veiled references." Moynihan plans to resign as vice chairman of the committee in protest. Since the mines were already exploding at the time of the briefings, however, it seems strange that the Senators did not question Casey persistently about them.

Be that as it may, the congressional reaction to the mining has been so intense that the Administration is bracing itself for another heavy defeat. There is a chance that tempers will cool during the ten-day recess and Congress will after all approve new funding for the *contras*. In an election year, no legislators like the idea of voting against a measure portrayed as necessary to contain Communism. But the outcome is so uncertain that the CIA is already preparing to wind down aid to the *contras* by the end of June, when the last of the current appropriation will be gone. Private financing by wealthy Nicaraguan exiles in the U.S., Costa Rica and Venezuela could keep some kind of *contra* campaign going after that, but it would be a shadow of the present effort.

If the *contras'* funds are cut off, it is hard to see what alternative policy toward Nicaragua the U.S. might adopt. Critics often charge that the Reagan Administration has favored force over negotiation,



U.S. airfield being built in Jamastran, Honduras, 20 miles from Nicaragua

An indispensable presence, but is it sufficient for stability?

and in particular that it has given no more than lip service to the efforts of the Contadora group of countries (Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama) to work out a regional agreement that would ban cross-border movements of arms and troops in all Central American nations. The Contadorans last fall agreed on a list of 21 principles that the Sandinistas said they could accept; Washington expressed pleasure but is waiting to see what specifics Nicaragua might offer.

The U.S. might have missed an opportunity to deal, but it is hard to tell: the Sandinistas have been evasive even toward the Contadorans. After failing the group's 21 principles, Nicaragua put forward four draft treaties that ignored some of the Contadoran points and contradicted others. Lately, the Sandinistas have pledged to hold elections this fall; the Administration regards the plan as a fraud, because it provides only limited freedom for opposition candidates to campaign and the Nicaraguan press to report their activities. In any case, the Administration believes the Sandinistas have made even these gestures only because they are feeling a pinch from the *contras*' campaign. If that were severely curtailed, it is difficult to see what would induce Nicaragua to become any more accommodating.

Another standard argument of the Administration's opponents is that the U.S. should concentrate less on military force to stop the spread of Communism in Central America, and more on alleviating the poverty, hunger, illiteracy and disease that win recruits for Marxist insurrection. But when the Administration embraced the January recommendation of a bipartisan commission headed by Henry Kissinger for a five-year, \$8 billion program of economic aid to Central America, some of Reagan's liberal critics in Congress grumbled that the money would disappear down a rat hole. Faced with the need to cut domestic programs to reduce the federal deficit, Congress is not about to approve large sums for Central America.

Presidential campaigns are just about the worst atmosphere in which to conduct a debate on policy alternatives. Political contests encourage the shouting of simplistic slogans, as is already happening this year. But some principles clearly should guide consideration of the mining and its aftermath.

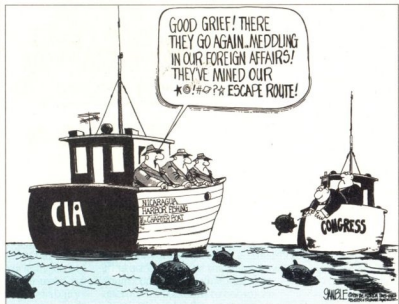
One concerns the nature of covert operations. They cannot be dispensed with in a hard world where dedicated enemies resort to them freely. But they are extraordinarily difficult to conduct successfully, and not only because in a democracy they cannot long be kept secret. That, to be sure, is a major problem, internally as well as externally. Partial stories leak; wild rumors fly; the Government is unable to explain fully what it is doing and why; public distrust grows.

Another trouble, though, arises because in the early stages, at least, covert operations are secret. Planning for any

kind of successful policy must define realistic objectives, set limits on what is to be attempted, consider whether the means available match those required, carefully weigh potential benefits against likely costs. All that is much easier to achieve when a proposal is subject to wide debate than when, even inside the Government, it can be discussed only under hush-hush conditions by a tightly limited group of officials. Sloppy planning too often slips by in those circumstances. An inordinate number of covert operations seem in hindsight either to have been doomed to failure, like the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, or to have inherent drawbacks that far outweigh any potential gains, as in the Nicaraguan mining. The very secrecy of covert operations thus requires that those officials who are in on the planning give them the most minute scrutiny.

U.S. has too often given the impression that it is looking for reasons to avoid negotiations.

In dealing with Nicaragua specifically, the Reagan Administration or any successor must first make up its mind whether it really wants to deal at all, and if so, what kind of Nicaraguan regime it could live with. Unremittent opposition, by force if need be, to Nicaragua's attempts to foment rebellion outside its borders, combined with a standing offer to negotiate verifiable security guarantees for both Nicaragua and its neighbors and a determination actually to do it if the chance arises, is a fully justifiable policy that can work, though it might take a long time. Democratic reform inside Nicaragua leading to a free press and elections is a goal devoutly to be wished, but it is not essential to the safety of Nicaragua's neigh-



More specifically, whether the *contra* campaign continues or not, the U.S. cannot let the situation in Central America drift. The risks of Marxist revolution spreading through the isthmus are real. Ultimately that could lead to a destabilized and unfriendly Mexico on the nation's southern border, a flood of refugees across American frontiers and even, at a not inconceivable extreme, Soviet bases next door. Military strengthening of El Salvador and other countries threatened by leftist insurrection is an indispensable part of any strategy to prevent that nightmare from coming true. But the U.S. has overemphasized military measures, even though its direct military presence in Central America is quite small: about 2,000 people currently in Honduras and El Salvador. It must aim at a mix of military force, greatly expanded economic aid and a negotiating policy combining willingness to talk to anyone and a clear set of objectives. Rightly or wrongly, the

neighbors and is probably beyond the ability of the U.S. to bring about—certainly by military pressure alone. Dreams of overthrowing the Sandinistas by force fail every test of a sound policy.

In the nearer term, though, the U.S. has got into a position where it must continue two aspects of present policy: aid to El Salvador and to the *contras*. Cutting off assistance to El Salvador would invite the very catastrophe the U.S. is seeking to avoid: a democracy, however weak, becoming a potentially hostile leftist state. The *contras* must not be allowed to stand in the way of a settlement with Nicaragua, should one become possible, and American aid to their cause should not extend to such stupidities as mining Nicaraguan ports. But the *contras* are fighting for an ideal, and the U.S., after arming, training and encouraging them, cannot suddenly abandon them to their fates.

—By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence L. Barrett, Neil MacNeil and Ross H. Munro/Washington, with other bureaus



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Nation

Mysterious Help from Offshore?

More pressure on Nicaragua, and more potential for controversy



The campaign of military pressure on Nicaragua continued to expand last week, and so did its potential for controversy. At week's end a contingent of U.S. combat

troops returned to Panama from a one-day battle exercise in Honduras, foreshadowing much larger displays of American strength that are soon to begin along Nicaragua's northern border. As part of a coordinated offensive, some 6,000 CIA-backed *contras* were marching from their Honduran base camps into the Nicaraguan interior. Simultaneously a 200-man *contra* column moved from the south to occupy a strategic hamlet on Nicaragua's isolated Caribbean coast and gain a new military and political advantage after the most intense and sustained fighting of their hit-and-run guerrilla war. In addition, members of the southern invading force were making an extraordinary claim: that their operations were aided by American support from the sea, an allegation flatly denied by U.S. officials.

The intriguing and potentially inflammatory question of seaborne support arose after a *contra* assault column stormed into the settlement of San Juan del Norte, a remote Nicaraguan village of some 950 people that once served as a haven for the 17th century British pirate Henry Morgan. The attackers were part of the 4,000-member Revolutionary Democratic Alliance (A.R.D.E.), whose leader is Edén Pastora Gómez, a famed defector from the ranks of Nicaragua's Sandinista government. A.R.D.E.'s objective in seizing the settlement was twofold:

to secure a toehold on the jungle fringes of Nicaraguan territory as the first step toward winning international recognition as a *contra* provisional government, and to win a port of entry for military supply.

After a vigorous three-day firefight, the attackers succeeded in overrunning about 120 Sandinista defenders entrenched amid San Juan del Norte's thatched adobe huts. A.R.D.E. commanders said that mysterious nocturnal support from offshore played a role both before and during the victory.

The *contras* told TIME's Jon Anderson, who accompanied the assault group, that prior to their daylight attack San Juan del Norte had been hit by gunfire from the sea. At one point in the fighting, the *contras* said, they used mortars to drive away a Nicaraguan patrol boat accompanied by two fishing trawlers. The rebel commander said one of the boats had later been sunk and that "your countrymen did it." According to the A.R.D.E. officer, the feat was accomplished by a small boat launched from a ship offshore. Said the rebel officer: "We don't have the trained people to take care of anything on the sea. So it was understood that marine engagements would be taken care of by another party." In the past, the A.R.D.E. has never demonstrated a naval capability.

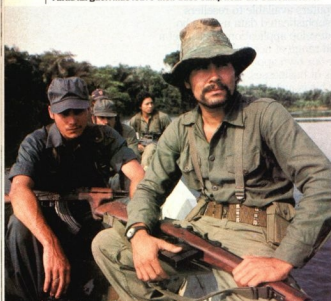
Informed of the A.R.D.E. claims, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger stated unequivocally that the U.S. had not provided naval assistance. A spokesman for Naval Secretary John Lehman labeled any notion of U.S. Navy involvement "absurd." When asked if any such ship or ships were either operated or supported

by the CIA, National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane told TIME: "I cannot comment on intelligence operations." As a matter of policy, the CIA refused to confirm, deny or even discuss any of its operations. Nicaragua's neighbors, Honduras and Costa Rica, have the wherewithal to provide naval assistance, but it is unlikely that either would risk such a direct challenge to the more powerful Sandinista regime.

Whether or not it received help from the sea, the assault force did get other kinds of discreet aid. According to their commanders, the new 82-mm mortars and 50-cal. machine guns that the *contras* used at San Juan del Norte were delivered ten days earlier by a U.S.-built C-47 transport, which also dropped pallets of food and ammunition under cover of darkness at a Costa Rican site ten miles south of the Nicaraguan border. An A.R.D.E. soldier who is a U.S. citizen, George Davis, of Great Falls, Mont., claimed the pilot was an American. "I'm here to fight Communism, and I guess the pilot is too," said Davis.

Meanwhile, in Honduras, the *contra* leader in charge of the northern front of the covert war against Nicaragua insisted, somewhat implausibly, given the information leaking out in Washington, that "no U.S. citizen ever has been involved" in the mining of Nicaraguan ports. At a press conference in the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa, Adolfo Calero Portocarrero, leader of the rebel Nicaraguan Democratic Front (F.D.N.), said that his organization reserved the right to undertake similar actions in the future. The aim, said Calero, was to halt the massive flow of Soviet bloc weapons to the Sandinistas and, only incidentally, to prevent a portion of that arms aid from being passed along to El Salvador. Finally, Calero declared that "we are confident that the U.S. will con-

A.R.D.E. guerrillas leave their base camp near the San Juan River



In fight for San Juan del Norte, a *contra* fires a Soviet machine gun



to back the struggle for democracy in the Americas."

Some of Calero's confidence seems to derive from a revamping of his *contra* organization after months of setbacks blamed on internal rivalries. In the past year, the F.D.N.'s forces have been almost entirely reorganized into small, tough fighting units operating in seven military sectors of Nicaragua. The F.D.N. has adopted the guerrilla tactics used by Marxist-led insurgents in El Salvador, taking over Nicaraguan villages for a few hours, then arranging ambushes of pursuing Sandinista soldiers. *Contra* leaders claim that Sandinista military morale is dropping. At a "war room" in a campsite near a Honduran army base outside Tegucigalpa, the *contras* displayed wall-size military maps charting the progress of their latest offensive in the Nicaraguan provinces of Nueva Segovia, Jinotega, Matagalpa and Zelaya Norte. Said *contra* Military Commander Enrique Bermudez: "The Sandinistas are not so enthusiastic in their fighting. We are very confident."

For all that bravado, the importance of outside support for the F.D.N. operation is obvious. The *contras* maintain more than a dozen base camps in Honduras; five of them are in a border salient close to the spot where a U.S. military helicopter was shot down last January by Nicaraguan border guards. Helicopter flights link the F.D.N. camps with the interior of Honduras and, according to some of the *contra* leadership, with rebel task forces inside Nicaragua. (An unmarked helicopter also removed A.R.D.E. casualties from the battle at San Juan del Norte.) The F.D.N. has no helicopters; the apparent conclusion is that the aircraft are supplied by the Honduran government, by the CIA or by both.

Other examples of clandestine aid abound. Honduras' El Aguacate military base, some 60 miles from the Nicaraguan border, is now widely known as the main *contra* supply depot. The 8,000-ft airstrip

at the base was improved and extended by U.S. Army engineers last year, during the joint U.S.-Honduran military exercise known as Big Pine II. Another helpful installation for the F.D.N. is a sophisticated training base 90 miles southwest of Tegucigalpa, originally built by the U.S. The *contras* have also made use of Tiger Island, a hush-hush radar station in the Gulf of Fonseca that is tightly guarded by a contingent of about 150 U.S. Marines.

F.D.N. leaders admit that covert U.S. aid accounts for more than 50% of their organization's total funding. Independent estimates of the covert U.S. portion, however, run closer to 75%. Without Reagan Administration funding, an F.D.N. spokesman estimates, the organization could keep fewer than 2,000 combatants in the field, down from 8,000 today.

Covert support of the *contras* in Honduras is provoking resentment in an unlikely constituency: the U.S. Army. More than 2,500 regular U.S. military personnel are now stationed in Honduras, most of them preparing the groundwork for a new U.S.-Honduran military exercise, known as Granadero I. As a preliminary to that exercise, 120 members of the Panama-based 193rd U.S. Infantry Brigade last week conducted a daylong maneuver alongside 170 Honduran troops, near the sensitive El Aguacate military base. The American soldiers involved with Granadero I are beginning to complain that CIA personnel have, in the words of one U.S. Army officer, "the run of the country," including regular military facilities, and can operate in border areas where the Army men are forbidden to travel.

All of the covert anti-Sandinista activity is supposed to have a purpose: impeding the "arms pipeline" that the Reagan Administration insists is in operation between the Marxist-led government of Nicaragua and the Marxist-led insurgents in El Salvador. U.S. intelligence sources

believe that pipeline is still very much in existence. Some of the evidence:

► As recently as last month, U.S. sources claim, there were "fairly large" shipments of arms and equipment being loaded from points in northern Nicaragua onto seagoing vessels for trips into the Gulf of Fonseca, between Nicaragua and El Salvador. The materiel was transferred onto small vessels on the island of Conchagua, less than ten miles off the Salvadoran coastal province of La Unión, for disbursement to various guerrilla groups of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) in southern El Salvador.

► Similarly, light planes from Nicaragua have been dropping supplies into remote zones in the Salvadoran countryside. On land, U.S. intelligence sources claim, arms-storage depots exist in the mountainous countryside of Honduras, Nicaragua and El Salvador. From those depots, arms and equipment move along a myriad of interchangeable routes that are virtually impossible to cut.

► Following the U.S. invasion of Grenada last October, the Sandinistas made much of the fact that Salvadorans were being encouraged to leave Nicaragua. But according to U.S. intelligence sources, F.M.L.N. leaders continue to do business from Managua or from hideouts in the rugged peninsula north of the capital.

► Earlier this year, the Sandinistas protested loudly about bombing attacks by *contra* rebels against several Nicaraguan radio towers located northwest of Managua. One of the towers was used for broadcasts by the F.M.L.N.'s *Radio Venceremos*. Another bombing raid was made against an F.M.L.N. arms depot in a small Nicaraguan settlement near the coastal town of Potosi.

In tacit justification of the CIA's mining operations against Nicaragua, intelligence sources also cite the case of the Panamanian freighter *Los Caribes*, damaged by an explosion in the Nicaraguan harbor of Corinto last month. The ship, the

A wounded *contra*, hit by a Sandinista sharpshooter, receives aid



Comrades carry the mortally stricken *contra* from the battle



Nation

Sorting Out a High-Stakes Game

The pros and cons of U.S. intervention in Central America

sources say, is the only vessel owned by a consortium called NAMUCAR, which at one time was sponsored by Mexico, Nicaragua, Jamaica and Cuba. For about six years, *Los Caribes* has made a long, money-losing run back and forth from the Gulf of Mexico through the Panama Canal and up the west coast of Central America, Mexico and the U.S. The ship's unprofitable voyages have been underwritten for the most part by Cuba. Three years ago, the Salvadorans discovered that *Los Caribes* had a secret cargo area disguised as a set of fuel tanks. The Cubans took the ship into drydock for a year and a half. When *Los Caribes* returned to duty, says a U.S. source, it was known to be making arms deliveries to the F.M.L.N. When it docked in Corinto after the mine explosion last month, the ship's cargo manifest was blank. But *Los Caribes'* hold, say intelligence sources, was filled with unmarked, sealed containers crammed with military hardware.

Indeed, weapons of all kinds have been pouring into Nicaragua. At the port of El Bluff on the Caribbean coast, Nicaragua recently took delivery of a large arms shipment from Bulgaria, the fourth from that country in the past 18 months. Included were 20 medium tanks, 20 PT-76 light amphibious tanks and 16 other armored vehicles, plus three 152-mm howitzers. There is evidence that the Bulgarians have also delivered as many as 1,000 military trucks. In addition, Soviet freighters three months ago disgorged a load of helicopters at a El Bluff.

The Nicaraguan rejoinder is that the weapons are necessary for self-defense. According to Daniel Ortega Saavedra, head of Nicaragua's governing junta, the combination of *contra* attacks and the mining of the country's ports has led to Nicaraguan casualties of 3,000 dead and wounded, including 219 killed since early March, and economic damage amounting to more than \$200 million.

Throughout the controversy set off by the mining of their harbors, the Sandinistas have refrained from a favorite tactic of the past: using the specter of imminent war with the U.S. to increase repression and further consolidate their political grip on the country. In fact, the Sandinistas were slightly loosening press censorship, and declaring their intention to proceed on schedule with national elections—criticized by the Reagan Administration as hopelessly biased in favor of the regime—on Nov. 4. Observed a Western diplomat in Managua: "For once, the Sandinistas seem to be handling the situation in a mature and sophisticated fashion." Another explanation might be that the Nicaraguan regime was simply biding its time while the Reagan Administration's policy in Central America teetered on the verge of a grave setback. —By George Russell.

Reported by June Erlick/Managua and Barrett Seaman/Washington

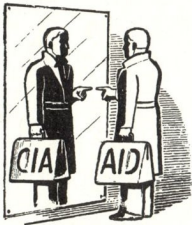
Central America, it sometimes seems, is caught in a looking-glass war. Covert operations become overt, rebels in one country get aid so that rebels in another get squeezed. Liberals look at El Salvador and see Viet Nam, while conservatives look at the map and see pawns in a game of Great Power chess. In the din of charge and countercharge, moral and practical issues sometimes become tangled and blurred. Here are answers to some basic questions:



Q. Does the U.S. have the right to back the *contras* against the Nicaraguan government?

A. To U.S. planners, the central lesson of the two world wars was the value of collective security. Aggression against one ally is aggression against all; it must be nipped early to prevent a larger conflagration. In this hemisphere, especially, the U.S. has a legitimate interest in maintaining friendly governments and containing hostile ones.

The U.S. did not move first against Nicaragua; indeed, it gave the Sandinistas \$75 million in economic aid the year after the 1979 overthrow of Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, which the U.S. implicitly encouraged. But Nicaragua joined with the Soviets and Cubans to preach Marxist-Leninist revolution through the region. Even the Democratic-controlled House Intelligence Committee found last year that the Salvadoran "insurgency depends for its lifeblood—arms, ammunition, financing, logistics and command-and-control facilities—upon outside assistance from Nicaragua and Cuba." The crucial question is how far the Administration intends to go with its support of the *contras*. Its original stated aim—interdicting the flow of arms to the Salvadoran rebels—was morally valid if practically difficult.



Now it hopes to pressure the Sandinistas into negotiating an end to the region's revolutions. As the stakes become higher, the effort required is greater and the moral rectitude of the U.S. is less clear. Going the next step, actually trying to overthrow the Nicaraguan government, would be a violation of professed international standards and American ideals. These standards and ideals remain significant even though the contingencies of the real world sometimes force the U.S. and other countries to ignore them. France helped overthrow Emperor Bokassa of the Central African Republic in 1979, for example, and the U.S. played a role in deposing the governments of Guatemala (1954), the Dominican Republic (1965) and Chile (1973).

Q. If the U.S. is justified in backing the *contras*, are covert operations a legitimate way to do it?

A. In theory, yes. Covert operations are as old as the Trojan horse. Defined by the CIA as "clandestine activities designed to influence foreign governments," covert operations were one of the principal weapons in the cold war. Theodore G. Shackley, former CIA deputy to the director of operations, argues that covert action allows the U.S. to counter expanding Soviet influence "so that the balance of world power—the Soviets call it 'correlation of forces'—is never so favorable as to lead them to the ultimate temptation, or us to the ultimate desperation." American covert methods are tame compared with those used by the Soviets, who have no qualms about using front organizations, disinformation and even terrorist groups.

Obviously, the question of how far to go with covert activities is a difficult one for U.S. policymakers. While aiding the Afghan rebels against the Soviets, say, may be legitimate and laudable, many covert actions are morally ambiguous, drawing the U.S. into foreign intrigues that it ultimately may be unable to control.

Q. What happens when covert actions become overt?

A. They often backfire into anti-American propaganda weapons. Knowledge of CIA dirty tricks, former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford told a congressional committee in 1975, "has become so widespread that our country has been accused of being responsible for practically every internal difficulty that has occurred in every country in the world."

Congressmen seem institutionally incapable of keeping secrets, but they are not the only ones to blame. Says a former top intelligence official: "Ninety percent of damaging leaks come from the White

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C A M E R A

Nation

House." When a political consensus is lacking, as in Central America, politicians become even leakier.

Although closer congressional oversight of U.S. intelligence activities has led to some blown secrets, it has also helped improve America's reputation around the world. The lesson is clear: there is room for covert activities in the U.S. policy arsenal, but care must be taken to make sure that they do not cause more problems than they solve.

Q. Is there a difference between backing *contras* with arms and logistics and mining harbors?

A. Yes, moral and pragmatic. Arming the *contras* generally confines the warfare to the two contending parties, although it does harm civilians. But mining harbors extends the violence to third countries. Some, like Japan and The Netherlands, whose ships were damaged by mines off Nicaragua, are wholly innocent; international law as well as morality protects them. Others, like the Soviets, may be indirectly complicitous. But the rules of law and restraints of *Realpolitik* discourage carrying the fight to these third parties.

Q. Why can't the U.S. play by the same rules as the Soviets? If the Soviets support "freedom fighters" that try to overthrow governments they do not like, why can't the U.S.?

A. Soviet rules are conveniently flexible. Under a doctrine of "limited sovereignty" that disregards national borders in the cause of spreading Marxism, the Soviets freely use proxy troops to serve their interests in "wars of national liberation." In the Third World they are even cheered for backing leftist "freedom fighters" like the P.L.O. Paralyzed by Viet Nam, the U.S. just sat back and watched the Soviet-backed Cuban mercenaries seize control of Angola in the mid-'70s. In Central America, the U.S. has returned to a more resolute method of countering the Soviets.

At the same time, the U.S. holds itself out as the champion of freedom, democracy, human rights and the rule of law. The right to self-determination is a cornerstone of American diplomacy; in fact, the cold war began over Soviet attempts to sow subversion in Greece, Turkey, Iran, Italy and Scandinavia. It is hard to know whom the people of Nicaragua would choose to govern them, since the Sandinistas have yet to allow elections. But it is far from certain that they would prefer the *contras*, some of whom were associated with the despised Somoza regime. By backing the *contras*, the U.S. leaves itself open to charges of hypocrisy. Says George Ball, Under Secretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations: "If the Russians were doing the same thing, we'd be jumping up and down and yelling our heads off protesting it." The Soviets are indeed "doing the same thing" in many parts of the world. The dilemma for the U.S. is to what extent it can

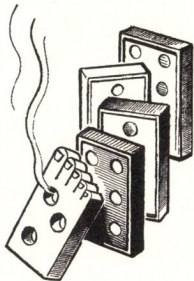
afford to uphold its principles and to what extent it must fight fire with fire.

Q. Whether or not the U.S. has the "right" to back the *contras*, can the policy work?

A. The Reagan Administration argues that its current approach can succeed only if Congress and the public support it. But as a practical matter, the level of financial and logistical support deemed appropriate by Reagan has so far failed to bring the Sandinistas to the bargaining table, much less won meaningful concessions or stopped the flow of arms.

Q. What are the alternatives?

A. Many liberals and conservatives argue that the real enemy is poverty, not Communism. The bipartisan Kissinger commission recommended an economic aid



program along the lines of the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt the European economy after World War II. But in today's dollars the Marshall Plan would cost more than \$50 billion, and there is no guarantee that such an effort would work in Central America; it lacks the industrial and educational base that Europe had.

Diplomacy is the solution urged by the so-called Contadora Group—Mexico, Venezuela, Panama and Colombia. These nations last year proposed a 21-point plan calling for the withdrawal of foreign military advisers, democratic elections and the balancing of forces in the region. The warring parties, Nicaragua, Honduras and El Salvador, all agreed in principle to the pact—and promptly went back to fighting.

The most drastic option would be to commit U.S. military forces and overthrow the Nicaraguan regime. But the outcry, both abroad and at home, would be both loud and justified. Further, the U.S. would really find itself in a quagmire,

chasing Sandinista guerrillas through the hills and jungles of their native land.

Another option is simply to walk away, adopt a live-and-let-live policy, and trust the Nicaraguans to stop trying to export their revolution. It is the Administration's view that this is totally unrealistic, no matter how conciliatory the Sandinistas' rhetoric has become.

Q. If left unchecked, would the Nicaraguan revolution spread through the region?

A. Sandinista leaders boast of a "revolution without frontiers," and their 50,000-man army is a larger force than needed for self-defense, according to military experts. Before his death last year, Salvadoran Rebel Leader Salvador Cayetano Carpio declared: "The revolutionary process is a single process... Guatemala will have its hour. Honduras is Costa Rica, too, will have its hour of glory." To hasten that hour along, the Soviets shipped Nicaragua 15,000 tons of arms last year, while the Cubans stand near by with 153,000 troops. The borders of every country in the region are porous. Honduras, flanked by El Salvador and Nicaragua, is already jittery, as is Costa Rica, which has no army of its own. Guatemala, however, has a 22,000-man army and 20 years of experience in often brutal counterinsurgency. The crucial question is what would happen to Mexico, the U.S.'s problem-ridden, potentially volatile neighbor.

Q. If the revolution does spread, what are the real risks to the U.S.?

A. "Are Marxists going to march up through the Petén (the Guatemalan rain forest), through Mexico and up to Texas?" asks Professor Nathaniel Davis, of California's Claremont College. The answer obviously is no. But one does not need to imagine dominoes falling to worry about Mexico's vulnerable southern regions' becoming infected with Nicaraguan-style revolution. If Mexico actually did lurch left, coming under a Communist regime or, more likely, splitting apart into warring fiefs, the U.S. would be confronted by a teeming enemy (pop. 75 million) along its 2,000-mile, currently undefended border. The U.S. would have to divert troops now faced off against the Soviets from Berlin to the Persian Gulf to the western Pacific. The Soviets, of course, would like nothing better than to have the U.S. saddled with the Western Hemisphere equivalent of the U.S.S.R.'s own hostile neighbor, China. Refugees by the hundreds of thousands would pour over U.S. borders, competing with Americans for jobs and straining social services. Even if that scenario should not come to pass, the stakes are high. With its tough talk and lofty goals, the Administration has made Central America a test of U.S. prestige, credibility and power.

—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Johanna McGeary and Christopher Redman/Washington

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W O N D E R

Nation



Getting closer: the victor enjoying cheers on election night in Philadelphia

Reverses and End Runs

Mondale appears to be in command after a hectic first half



It was halftime. Time to catch a fleeting breath, recall the plays that had worked, assess the fumbles, analyze the opponent's weaknesses and plot a second-half strategy to win the Democratic presidential nomination. Walter Mondale looked back at the grueling, wildly erratic first half and declared in Philadelphia: "I have shown that I have the guts and the steel necessary to fight back under tough circumstances." Looking toward the imminent showdown, Gary Hart vowed at a pep rally in Denver: "When we come back out for the second half, you're going to see some long bombs, you're going to see some end runs, you're going to see some flat passes and some reverses."

Both combatants could take pride in their play so far. The Colorado Senator had come from a lowly sixth place among eight competitors and had raced through the field to overtake the superbly organized front runner. Then Hart faltered. Mondale, almost sidelined by a string of upsets beginning in New Hampshire, last week capped a spectacular comeback with a big win in Pennsylvania. Although Hart leads in state primary and caucus victories, 15 to 14, the former Vice President now holds almost a 2-to-1 lead in delegates (see chart). While he claims that

he relishes the role of a feisty underdog, Mondale is the clear leader once again.

A few daring political experts were even ready to consider Hart's chances for the nomination hopeless. "The impulse that gave rise to Gary Hart is as strong and powerful as ever," contends Pollster Daniel Yankelovich. "But the man didn't live up to the urge. He represented a wish, a gesture of hope, but the sober appraisal of the voters is that he is not ready. There is no reason to believe this race will turn yet again." Declares veteran Democratic Strategist Ted Van Dyk, head of a Washington-based think tank: "Hart shattered his image. Suddenly, he was trying to out-promise Mondale. He tore up the snapshot that forms in voters' minds of every candidate. He can paste it back together, but it will never be the same."

The Harts at a whistle-stop in Pennsylvania: out of steam and heading west



Those assessments may be too sweeping in a year in which voter sentiment has seemed so volatile. Still, it was the Hart team that faced by far the greater need for a halftime readjustment of its game plan. Pennsylvania culminated a string of Hart defeats in the populous industrial Northern states from Illinois to New York that Democrats will need to upset Ronald Reagan in November.

With his triumph in Pennsylvania, Mondale demonstrated again, as he had the previous week in New York, that he can put together the traditional coalition of core Democrats—the elderly, union workers, the poor and local party leaders. Beyond that, he cut into the presumed Hart strengths among younger, better-educated and career-oriented voters. Mondale won handily, taking 47% of the vote to Hart's 35% and Jesse Jackson's 17%.

More than in any previous primary, labor delivered for Mondale. According to an ABC exit poll, nearly half of all the Pennsylvania voters came from union households, and 52% of them voted for Mondale. The AFL-CIO, which endorsed a primary presidential candidate this year for the first time, was spurred into hyperaction by the growing perception that its union label might actually be a political liability. Warned Frank McGrath, a leading AFL-CIO political organizer in the Middle Atlantic states: "The candidates and the media have made labor the issue. If Mondale loses, it's our fault." Labor was also goaded in Pennsylvania by a politically foolish Hart campaign tactic. Despite the state's large union membership and its high unemployment (8.9%), some Hart TV ads implied that Mondale was a tool of "special interests," which unionists consider, quite accurately, a code word for organized labor.

Jackson came out of Pennsylvania still a formidable force. He won three-quarters of the state's black vote, which brought him an outright victory in Philadelphia even though the city's new black mayor, W. Wilson Goode, supported Mondale. Said Jackson at a victory party in the City of Brotherly Love: "The old minorities in coalition are the new majority. Our time has come. There is a new dynamic operating in American politics." But despite his attempts to position himself as the candidate most opposed to military spending and nuclear power, Jackson has yet to show that his self-proclaimed "Rainbow Coalition" is not pretty monochromatic; he received only 4% of the white vote.

Jackson's biggest problem is the continuing controversy over his connection with Louis Farrakhan, leader of the black Muslim sect Nation of Is-

lam. Farrakhan publicly threatened Milton Coleman of the Washington *Post* for having reported Jackson's use of "Hymie" to refer to Jews. Farrakhan, who also had threatened harm to Jews if they caused "harm" to Jackson because of his disparaging words, said menacingly of Coleman and his wife: "At this point no physical harm... One day soon we will punish you with death." Last week he insisted that those words were not meant as a threat to the Colemans. Reporters then discovered that Farrakhan in the same March 11 broadcast had also called Hitler "a very great man" who "rose Germany up from nothing," while adding, "I'm not proud of Hitler's evils." When quizzed about this last week at a Washington press conference, Farrakhan did not retreat, claiming, "He was indeed a great man but also wicked."

Jackson has refused to disavow Farrakhan flatly, arguing that he should not be held accountable for someone else's remarks. Yet he continued to refer to Far-

nia, Hart pulled back from predicting that he would win a majority of delegates before the convention. "The contest gets down to one thing," he said. "It's not just who can get the most delegate votes—although I intend to get the most delegate votes—but who can broaden the base of the party."

The Hart camp held a series of half-time fund-raising and strategy sessions last week, and more were scheduled for this week. As is usually the case when a campaign seems to be slipping, there were rumors of dissension and possible staff shake-ups. Some advisers urged Hart to strike out more directly at Mondale in the coming contests. The tactic worked in New Hampshire. But other aides pointed out that this began to backfire as Mondale retaliated sharply, especially in New York. They argued that Hart's loftier themes were submerged in the catfight with Mondale.

Hart's press secretary, Kathy Bush-

then keep Mondale from coming to the convention with a majority of delegates. More significant, Hart's aides assume, their man's closing momentum would be reflected in polls showing that he would be the only candidate with a chance to beat Reagan. Faced with that reality, the roughly 1,200 pivotal delegates (perhaps 250 for Jackson, 568 elected and party officials and some 350 uncommitted) would rally behind Hart.

Mondale's strategists, as well as some independent political pros, consider that a pipedream. They see no reason to expect that Hart will win in Texas, New Jersey and California, and view Ohio's high-stakes election on May 8 (140 delegates) as likely to stall any budding Hart momentum. More broadly, they doubt that Hart can develop a following so steadfast that it would prevail in any pre-convention bargaining for the nomination. Contends one Mondale adviser: "Hart's biggest problem is that the young professionals have no real loyalty to him. He really



Jackson gives the thumbs up for his loyal constituency



For Mondale, the main thanks went to steelworkers and labor

rakhan as "a surrogate" or, later, "a supporter." Asked about the Hitler remarks, Jackson said he did not "know the context" of Farrakhan's statement. "I find nothing great about Hitler," Jackson said. "I find everything about him despicable."

A second-half comeback by Hart is far from inconceivable. But it will be difficult. Mondale is past the halfway point on his drive toward the 1,967 delegates needed to win the nomination at San Francisco in July. To catch up to Mondale from his present 571 delegates by the end of the primary season, Hart will have to win roughly two out of every three delegates to be chosen in the remaining primaries and caucuses. Realistically, his better hope is simply to keep Mondale from reaching the magic number, which would happen if the former Vice President fails to capture just over half of the delegates still at stake.

"We're headed into our territory, folks," Hart assured his supporters last week, referring to the fact that twelve states west of the Mississippi River will soon hold caucuses or primaries. Generally, that is indeed friendlier ground for Hart. Yet out of the 1,670 delegates still to be chosen, 967 of them are from states west of the Mississippi, and of those, just 563 are truly in the geographical West. As voters were marking ballots in Pennsylva-

nia, candidly assessed her candidate's problem. "The voters really like his message," she said, "but they're not sure he's the one they want to carry it out. They haven't learned enough about Gary yet to know him." Although it is late for such basic tactics, the Hart advisers intend to run more biographical ads just to familiarize voters with the man. "We've got to get across the fact that Gary's a for-real U.S. Senator with ten years of experience," explains Aide Mark Hogan. "He's a decent, compassionate, helluva nice guy."

If Hart heeds most of his advisers, he will avoid getting too personal in attacking Mondale. "If there were no more personal assaults anywhere in the campaign, we'd be better off," observes Hogan. Hart will concentrate on posing the question "Who's most likely to beat Ronald Reagan?" The strategy is to show that Hart can attract independent and moderate Republicans, whose votes will be needed in November. Hart has, in fact, done better in those states where primaries have not been restricted to Democrats.

To get himself back in the race, Hart must sweep the West, rack up a big win in Texas on May 5 (154 delegates at stake) and top it all with triumphs in the June 5 primaries in New Jersey (97) and California (the biggest of all at 278). Hart might

hasn't created much of a personal political following."

Mondale exhibited typical caution as he campaigned in Missouri, which will hold caucuses this week. "I now have a chance—I don't know how much of a chance—to get the delegates I need for the nomination before the convention," he said. Still, the Mondale staff has been startled before by the campaign's unpredictability. Said one of his aides: "We're pausing now to dream up the biggest problems we might face." One of them, said Campaign Chairman James Johnson, is that "everyone will be watching to see how we handle prosperity." Running ahead seems to carry a jinx.

The Mondale strategy is not likely to change in light of its recent success. He intends to keep applying pressure on Hart, while stepping up his attacks on Reagan. "We're not changing anything," said a top Mondale strategist. "Hart is the one who needs a new issue, not us." Contends Joseph Trippi, Mondale's Pennsylvania coordinator: "If it keeps going the way it has—we win a couple and he wins a couple—we look very good." Looking back, Mondale admits that his initial reluctance to respond to Hart's attacks on him was "the most significant failure of the campaign." Said one adviser: "We're most

Nation

likely to decide to keep on running hard against Hart everywhere, even in his strong states." The Mondale team is surprised that Hart is banking on Texas as part of his catch-up strategy.

"But if he wants to make it the Alamo, that's fine with us," says a senior strategist. In fact, the complex Texas delegate-selection process is suited to Mondale's well-organized machine. Democrats first must cast votes for local and congressional candidates in primary contests in order to be admitted on the same day to caucuses at which the delegates are chosen. Mondale has hired Dwayne Holman, a savvy aide to Texas Governor Mark White, to head his state drive.

Hart expects to score in Texas with his vote against the windfall-profits tax on oil, which Mondale used effectively against him in the industrial North. Mondale aides, perhaps naively, believe that workers in the Texas oil industries are likely to applaud Mondale's support of the tax on their employers and the populist themes he intends to stress. Heavy unemployment (up to 25%) in the Rio Grande valley should help Mondale. Hart, on the other hand, may appeal to the independent-minded voters in the booming cities of Dallas and Austin.

In the Ohio primary on May 8, Jackson's strength in black congressional dis-

AIMING FOR THE NOMINATION



S.P.I. figures as of April 13, 1984. TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes



tricts of Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus could hurt Mondale if his race with Hart is close. Labor is strong (about 16% of registered Democrats), unemployment is high (10.2%), and Ohio looks too much like neighboring Pennsylvania to encourage Hart.

If Hart does make a comeback in May, the June 5 primaries in disparate California and New Jersey will be crucial. Under the rules in both states, the winner in each congressional district could get all of that district's delegates. New Jersey would seem to be congenial to Mondale, since it is highly industrialized and union members may account for nearly half of the vote. Hart could benefit from the state's low unemployment (6.8%) and from Jackson's ability to draw blacks (12% of the population) away from Mondale.

In California, Hart's aides see their man winning big. "It could be a shutout," predicts Campaign Strategist Eli Seigel, even while conceding that Jackson will be heavily favored in four largely black districts. Declares California Pollster Marvin Field: "If Hart can't make it here, he can't make it anywhere." The politically erratic

California may not be ready for another Jerry Brown-like "moonbeam" candidate, while a powerful California Democrat contends that the state will not go for "an old Hubert Humphrey retrain, encumbered by old pols and Jimmy Carter." California could turn into a nasty brawl.

But with Mondale's nomination looking more and more likely, a continued personal feud could hurt the party and wound Mondale and Hart. Says Pollster Yankelovich: "Mondale should begin to see Hart as the man for the second spot. Mondale is still underestimating the potency of this generational force." Likewise, it is now in Hart's interest to make sure that he does not poison his own chances to be the nominee in 1988 by making too many enemies in 1984. But Hart is too proud to yield without a full fight, and Mondale is too uncertain of the nomination to risk easing the pressure on his foe. While Republicans watch gleefully, the Democratic scrap continues to test the mettle and wisdom of the men who want to take on Ronald Reagan in November. —By Ed Magnuson, Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and David Beckwith with Hart, with other bureaus

"Tested in Heavy Combat"

Walter Mondale looks at the clouds above Phoenix, and they are silver. The day before, he had won his big victory in Pennsylvania. Now his life is back on track. His coat off, his shirt collar open to show the kind of white undershirt that Clark Gable never would have worn, the candidate talks in the darkened cabin of his chartered jet.

Mondale confesses that his true moment of fear in the race came not after his upset defeat in New Hampshire, but in Michigan 2½ weeks later, where a Midwesterner like Mondale is expected to do pretty well. "I was told that 150,000 people were showing up at the caucuses that day. Nobody was planning on that many. I thought to myself, 'This is it. What's the point of going on?' Then I found out they were all turning out for me." He seems uncommonly serene as he sips his coffee. "You know, I've never been through anything like it in my life."

When he tells stories about politics, chewing on his cigar, Mondale's voice drops to a conspiratorial tone. He has the timing of a delightful dinner partner. This personal side, relaxed and humorous and even charming, does not often seep through to the public. When he walks back in the plane to swap stories with reporters,

he hides a glass of Chivas Regal handed to him by an aide, joking, "Oops, they better not see this."

Mondale feels that the tough battle with Gary Hart has been useful. "The things people needed to see in me could only be tested in heavy combat. There has always been a question about how strong I am. I think this has filled in that blank. And this fight has developed my own sense of confidence that I could not have done in any other way. I really believe I am going to beat Reagan."

"These polls are almost mind warping," he says, instinctively rubbing his hand through his thick, gray hair. "Before New Hampshire I had this uncomfortable feeling that people thought I was taking them for granted." He shakes his head as if in disbelief. "I wasn't." He sees a fundamental value in the exhaustive testing. "You end up knowing the American people as you would never know them otherwise."

Phoenix, brown and flat, grows larger below. There is money to be raised. When the door of the plane opens, Mondale strides down the ramp smiling at anything that moves. His tie is back on, his dark suit is crisply pressed. Every hair is at parade rest. The unlit but badly mangled cigar is gone. Neat, crisp and controlled, ready to face the public, Walter Mondale is once again in what his aides call his "full Norwegian" mode.

—By Sam Allis



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Nation

Facing the Fatigue Factor

Always running at full tilt, the candidates show the strain



The Denver reporter, who had not seen Gary Hart for weeks, thought he looked terrible—haggard, pale, tapped out. "Don't you badly need a rest?" he asked when the candidate arrived in Colorado last week as the votes were being counted in Pennsylvania. Hart hemmed, hawed, then rasped almost plaintively, "Tomorrow will be the first day we've had off since Christmas." Back in Philadelphia, Walter Mondale, the eventual victor, had turned peevish during his last go-round of a day with reporters. Would he predict his margin of victory, a newsman asked. "No," snapped an irritated Mondale. Is something wrong? asked the next questioner. "Nothing," barked Mondale. Then he caught himself and apologized. "I am getting what is known as punchy," he said. "I don't think I've been home in five weeks."

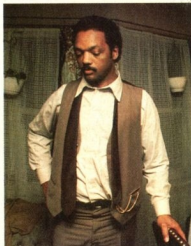
Four weeks, in fact. But none of the three men who remain in the race for the Democratic nomination can be blamed if they lose track of a few days here, a week or so there. Even Jesse Jackson, the youngest of them, is exhausted. "He doesn't sleep," jokes a Jackson aide. "He just faints a while." Hart, 47, Mondale, 56, and Jackson, 42, have been on the road for more than a year. Since January they have had to go at a ferocious pace, running an electoral marathon at sprinters' speeds. It shows. The survivors often look drawn and ashen, and all have made blunders because of fatigue. Indeed, the intensity of this year's primary rigors, physical and emotional, may be unprecedented. Says one drained journalist, a veteran who is trooping after Jackson: "There has never been anything like this. Never."

The candidates are enjoying a bit of a respite right now. But during the high-pitched seven weeks from Iowa's caucuses to Pennsylvania's primary, each roared in and out of hundreds of towns, eating perfunctorily and exercising hardly at all. Sleep comes a few hours at a time in stuffy rooms and cramped airplane seats. The adrenaline gushes all day long. Every remark, every intellectual twitch or tic is scrutinized, recorded, analyzed. In the frenzy of political combat, the candidate must improvise crucial strategic moves, keep his facts straight and try to look presidential to boot. Senator John Glenn said he was "perpetually tired" two months before the first primary. Fellow Dropout George McGovern seemed well rested, even twinkly, while he was in the race. Still, he says, "Fatigue is public enemy No. 1. It has become a most serious problem in American politics."

The standard campaign day just be-



Joking that his tired eyes are museum pieces



Mulling over the day as his host prepares a bed



Coughing and hoarse from a case of bronchitis

fore any primary includes a couple of events in each of five cities. Mondale may hold one season record: the day before Super Tuesday, he hit eight Southern cities in 18 hours. During one 24-hour period before the Pennsylvania primary, Jackson flew aboard a twelve-seat turboprop plane from Pittsburgh to Madison, Wis., to Milwaukee to New Orleans. Along the way he delivered five speeches and slept about five hours. Two weeks ago, Jackson made a campaign appearance that ended at 10:30 p.m. in Albany. He then traveled to Harrisburg, Pa., and went to an antinuclear rally from 4 to 6 the next morning, after that attending a meeting of black state legislators at 10 a.m.

For the two front runners, last Monday's schedules were typically tough. Mondale awoke at dawn in Wilkes-Barre and toured a dress factory. He flew to Erie for a runway press conference, then to Pittsburgh for another runway press conference. In Harrisburg, Mondale waited as usual for the press to shuffle out of the 727 ("How many more?" he croaked as the reporters filed by), so that the TV news cameramen could get a clear shot of him disembarking. For the 100 supporters gathered on the tarmac, he recited his routine speech, then climbed back up the ramp. On to Philadelphia for a fourth runway press conference ("Vice President Mondale, what is your favorite color?"), and then to Washington for a fund-raising dinner.

Hart's Monday, meanwhile, publicly began at the Philadelphia docks for a 7:30 a.m. mingle with longshoremen. He flew off to Allentown and Bethlehem to stroll through a steel plant and hold a press conference, but engine problems kept him from leaving for Pittsburgh on time. While a pair of small Learjets were being hired, Hart felt obliged to caper around for photographers (he posed in a cockpit wearing dark glasses and pilot's cap) and to discuss the Democrats' alleged indulgence of black anti-Semitism. At Pittsburgh's airport (four hours after Mondale had touched down there), he met with a group of old people used to be for the occasion, then submitted to three separate TV interviews and a 20-minute radio call-in show. During his hour in Erie, Hart gave another press conference and, growing ever more hoarse with bronchitis, addressed a rally. From there he flew to Trenton, N.J., drove back into Pennsylvania for a nighttime rally in a shopping mall, and finally returned at 11 p.m. to Philadelphia—where the day had begun.

The ceaseless scurrying would tax anyone. The more ineffable pressures the candidates face, to regain or maintain momentum, to remain intellectually focused but not rigid, are at least as burdensome. Frequent high-stakes televised debates (eight so far) have been an extra drain on emotional resources. "The debates are particularly difficult," says Oliver ("Pudge") Henkel, Hart's campaign manager. "It's a



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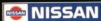
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Nation

major change of pace from the rest of the campaign. It is so intense that there's invariably a letdown afterward."

The advanced stages of candidate fatigue are obvious. "I can tell," Mondale says. "My syntax starts going first." Press Secretary Maxine Isaacs notes that his looks go too: "He gets big bags under his eyes." Other aides say Mondale gets grouchy as long days wind down.

A bushed candidate is more prone to mistakes and misstatements. Usually the bungles are minor. When Mondale was asked in Pennsylvania about Hart's proposal for a \$10-per-bbl. tax on imported oil, he rambled numbly, "It's a question of, ah... ah..." He stopped. "I can't think of the name. I'm getting a little tired. I'll get back to it." Yet Mondale, who is rather too buttoned down in public, sometimes loosens up when he is fatigued. Campaigning in upstate New York, he joked that as Vice President he had channeled so much federal money to Rochester, he was afraid he would be investigated.

Jackson fell asleep during two recent interviews. When he is groggy he tends to mix up his trademark parallel constructions. "Jails at their worst," he proclaimed in Ference, Ala., "are better than schools at their best." Hart last week mistakenly referred to his "19-year-old son"; John Hart is 18. The Senator (who seems to have a knack for muffing ages) made an odd joke last week about how old he feels. "When we started, I was 20," he told a little girl who asked if it was difficult running

for President. "Now I feel like I'm 95."

Hart, perhaps the most driven of the three, has probably committed more serious tactical blunders because of exhaustion. "Gary Hart has been suffering from extreme fatigue since Super Tuesday," contends McGovern. "The errors he made during the Illinois primary were a direct result of fatigue." In Illinois, Hart looked foolish when he accused Mondale of broadcasting unfair advertisements, which, it turned out, did not exist; a Hart commercial attacking a powerful local Democrat aired for two days even after Hart had disclaimed it. Said Press Secretary Kathy Bushkin at the time: "Gary's fatigued now and he's delegating decisions that he used to make before."

Hart and Mondale smoke cigars, but none of the candidates admit to any special relaxation techniques. Indeed, Jackson seems determined to stay cranked up. "I have never known him to rest," says Frank Watkins, his press secretary, "except when he was ordered by the doctor to go to the hospital [for exhaustion, in 1979]." Mondale, before his defeat in New Hampshire, could afford three quiet hours a day in his hotel room; now he relies on naps in transit. Lately, Hart's handlers have tried to schedule only three major campaign events a day. "It's surprising to me," says Henkel, "that Gary is holding up so well, that his psyche is largely intact after this roller-coaster ride."

Roller-coaster ride, shooting the rap-

ids, demolition derby—almost any metaphor involving gut-churning ups and downs or collisions is apt. Candidates seem to think the electorate wants to see them endure incredible campaign pressures. Yet it is unclear whether surviving such a regimen is a measure of presidential mettle. Henkel, new to national politics, thinks not. "The Democratic Party has to face up to the punishment this process inflicts on its people," he says. "These four or five months of extremely intense activity are not the best test of a candidate's ability." Hart, however, has no real complaints. And Mondale, who quit a presidential candidacy once before, approves of the campaign's intensity. "I think it tests much of the same qualities needed in a President," he says, such as "decision making under fire, the ability to unify and persuade."

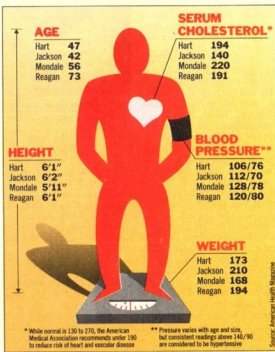
Pushed and inspected for unrelenting months, all the candidates last week had some R. and R. On Wednesday, Mondale had a relatively calm day in Phoenix, joking with a winner's swagger about his fatigue. "I'm not tired," he said. "But the Smithsonians called and wanted my eyeballs." Hart, still troubled by bronchitis and a nasty cough, spent the time at home in Denver, resting up and swallowing antibiotics. "The day off helped a lot," Hart said on Thursday—in between high-pressure public appearances in Missouri, right back on the campaign trail. —By **Rick Andersen**.

Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and David Beckwith with Hart, and other bureaus

In Shape for the Marathon

Irrregular schedules, constant travel across time zones and other forms of stress have been known to lower the defenses of the body's immune system against bacteria and viruses. What is more, says Psychiatrist Charles F. Stroebel, director of Connecticut's Institute for Advanced Studies in Behavioral Medicine, the Democratic candidates, pushed to their limits for months, could experience "significant emotional and physical problems with the letdown after the campaign." This "after-the-battle phenomenon," as Stroebel calls it, "has been widely observed in terms of how stress makes us sick." But politicians are tough, and the current crop of presidential candidates are no exception. "These people are self-selected," Stroebel ventures. "The ones who are not strong enough have already disappeared or never got into the race."

All three Democratic candidates, as well as the President they seek to oust, are healthy for men their age. None smoke cigarettes. None are overweight, although the campaign prevents them from getting their normal exercise. Of the four, Mondale has the highest (but still normal) blood pressure and cholesterol levels. The former Vice President has had hypertension (high blood pressure); he takes several medicines (Dyazide, hydralazine and, lately, atenolol) to control it. Hart had a benign nodule on his thyroid gland removed in 1972, and takes Synthroid, a synthetic thyroid hormone, to forestall any new growths. Apparently neither candidate suffers any side effects from the daily drugs. Jackson has degenerative-disk problems, which cause lower back pain. Reagan (ailments: hearing loss, allergies) takes only vitamins every day.



Getting Ready for the Challenge

Reagan hits the road in spring training for his own campaign



The trips were billed as presidential, not political. But as he plunged into the nation's heartland last week, shaking hands with some of the lunch-pail voters who helped give him his margin of victory in 1980, Ronald Reagan looked no less like a candidate than did Walter Mondale and Gary Hart.

At the cavernous Claycomo Ford assembly plant near Kansas City, Mo., he munched a hamburger in the employee cafeteria, walked an assembly line and spoke to a crowd of about 1,000 auto workers. "As I toured your plant, I couldn't help but think back to the days when America's economy had sputtered and stalled," said Reagan. The next day, after visiting a partially completed \$98,000 home in the Oak Hollow development near booming Dallas, he addressed about 50 construction workers assembled outside. "This is a picture of what's happening all over America," he beamed, gesturing toward the struts and drywall.

Reagan has had the unexpected luxury so far this year of being able to keep above the campaign fray. Said one of Reagan's top advisers: "It's just what the doctor ordered, a long, bloody Democratic fight, a continuing wild card in Jesse Jackson and a good chance that Mondale wins the nomination in the end."

The downside of Reagan's Rose Garden respite is that when he does hit the road he seems out of practice. "He can get rusty if he doesn't get out," says one of his strategists. In Arlington, Texas, Reagan listened unsmilingly as a panel of builders and bankers voiced their concern over the deficit. In his rambling answers, the President implausibly insisted that his doubling of the deficit would not necessarily raise interest rates. "The interest rates coming down at the same time that the deficit was going up indicates there isn't that tie," he argued. David Smith, vice president of the National Association of Home Builders, grimly informed Reagan that a crunch was inevitable. Said he: "Deficits keep interest rates high. Deficits are inflationary. Mr. President, time is running out." Reagan hardly reassured his audience when he noted that ending tax deductions for home mortgage payments might be one way to simplify the tax code, a highly impolitic suggestion that left the builders sputtering.

Vice President George Bush raised a more calculated political storm before a Jewish lobbying group in Washington,

D.C. He accused the Democrats of being soft on anti-Semitism for not forcefully attacking Jesse Jackson and his radical Black Muslim supporter Louis Farrakhan, who are still embroiled in the controversy over Jackson's reference to Jews as "Hymie." Bush's attack "was a beautiful stroke," explained one Reagan aide. "Hart and Mondale don't dare attack Jesse because they are afraid of him, but they are also feeling the heat from the Jewish community."

The Reagan-Bush re-election committee has already effortlessly raised \$14.2 million, close to the \$16 million limit it allowed candidates who accept federal



The incumbent signing autographs in a Ford plant cafeteria

Rose Garden respite: "He can get rusty if he doesn't get out."

matching funds. Each Tuesday morning, key White House aides and campaign officials (called, appropriately, the Tuesday Group) meet in White House Chief of Staff James Baker's office to plot strategy. Last month they put together the first meeting of their newly formed Madison Avenue advertising agency, Tuesday Team, Inc., which plans to spend \$4 million during the primary season touting Reagan's record.

To win in November, say G.O.P. strategists, Reagan must hold on to 80% of the Republican vote, steal at least a quarter of the Democrats, and take half of the independents. To this end, Reagan has been methodically working his way, bloc by bloc, through the constituencies that gave him a majority in 1980. For the past three months, he has been shoring up his core support among fundamentalists and conservative activists, resurrecting

his social agenda of school prayer, anti-abortion and family values. Now he is making overtures to more centrist groups: blue-collar workers, who gave him 46% of their vote in 1980, and women, who still support Reagan less strongly than do men by about five to ten percentage points.

The Republican strategy calls for Reagan to sweep the West and the South, including the electorally rich states of California, Florida and Texas. With that base intact, he need only pick off a couple of large states in the industrial Midwest or Northeast to win. The stumbling block in this scenario: Jackson, who has stimulated record black registration in states such as Alabama and Mississippi, which Reagan carried by slim pluralities in 1980.

To counter Jackson's impact, the G.O.P. has launched its largest voter-registration effort ever. With a budget of \$8 million, Reagan's re-election committee and the Republican Party hope to sign up 2 million sympathetic new voters. Independent groups, like the Moral Majority, and state party committees will spend another \$2 million or so. Major targets of the combined effort in the South: conservative rural voters and the region's large population of military personnel. The G.O.P. makes no bones about its plans to exploit white fears of Jackson. Said one Republican strategist: "Those good ole boys would jump out of their skin if they thought Jesse was on his way to Washington—as anything."

In Florida's Dade County, where the staunchly anti-Communist Hispanic population proudly calls the Republican Party "President Reagan's Party," the drive has signed up more than 3,000 new voters this year. In Dallas and Houston, volunteers have registered an estimated 30,000 in a door-to-door campaign. In North Carolina, the Moral Majority is urging ministers to hand out registration cards from their pulpits. In Georgia, the state Republican Party hopes to sign up 25,000 new voters in May alone, mostly through volunteer registrars staked out at suburban shopping malls. "It's beginning to come together," said one Reagan campaign aide. "Reagan is going to do very well in the South."

In most regions, Reagan now looks strong. His pollster Richard Wirthlin records a healthy job-approval rating of 60%. But White House strategists are not complacent. They are concerned that the bruising combat on the primary trail might actually get Mondale into prime fighting form while the President might lose his edge from lack of practice. Even more worrisome is that the home builders might be right in their fears about the economy. "If the economy goes belly up, so do we," says a top aide. "It's just that simple."

—By Susan Tifft. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington



A delivery van from Al Dente in New York

Extra Cheese

Busting a pizza connection

Alfano's Pizza and Spaghetti Restaurant in tiny Oregon, Ill. (pop. 3,800), was a classic mom-and-pop eatery. The friendly Sicilian owner, Pietro ("Pete") Alfano, often tied on an apron and made the pizza himself. Townsfolk were understandably shocked last week when federal authorities arrested Pete, calling him a "main contact point in the United States" for an international drug-trafficking ring run by one of New York City's major Mafia families.

FBI Director William Webster and Attorney General William French Smith held a news conference in New York City last week to announce that Alfano and 30 others, including many key organized-crime figures, had been charged with conspiring to violate federal drug laws. The drug ring is believed to have smuggled 1,650 lbs. of heroin (street value: \$1.65 billion) into the U.S. since 1979.

The two alleged masterminds of the drug ring lived in different countries. Gaetano Badalamenti, arrested in Madrid last week, was the Sicilian connection. Badalamenti was described as one of the heads of the worldwide Mafia. His "big cheese" in the U.S. was Salvatore Catalano, purportedly a leader of the Bonanno crime family.

According to the FBI's 341-page affidavit, Badalamenti and his deputies in Sicily purchased opium from Pakistan and Afghanistan, oversaw its production into heroin, then exported it to the U.S. There Bonanno-family members, including Alfano and his fellow restaurateurs in the Midwest, acted as middlemen. Finally, the money was collected by the Catalano Mob faction and laundered through prestigious New York City brokerage houses.

Federal authorities gathered evidence by wiretapping some 300 telephone conversations. According to court documents, important calls were exchanged from phones in or near Al Dente pizzeria in Queens, New York, owned by Catalano and a frequent meeting place for lieutenants in his faction of the Bonanno family. The smugglers spoke in obscure Sicilian dialects and in code. Shipments of heroin were called "cheese" or "tomatoes." U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani says the bust was part of a larger assault on the Mafia. "We can substantially crush organized crime," he said. "And we are doing just that."

The Presidency/Hugh Sides

Send Him Your Checks

In one respect he is the second most important man in the U.S. Government. If he were to fail totally, American society would be thrown into chaos, and the nation would soon stand helpless before its enemies. Ronald Reagan may not even know this man's name, since the two have met only a few times in conferences. Dan Rather would probably not recognize him if they shared a phone booth.

In biblical times, those who handled his kind of work were occasionally stoned to death. Robin Hood and his Merry Men may have put many an arrow into the rumps of this fellow's medieval predecessors. The most famous of his kind, France's devious voluptuary Nicolas Fouquet, was clapped into jail by Louis XIV, who rightly smelled a rat when he visited Fouquet's magnificent Vaux-le-Vicomte, a chateau that put the Sun King's palaces to shame. King Louis healed the insult by building Versailles.

Reagan has no such problem with Roscoe Egger, commissioner of Internal Revenue, the man who gathers 75% of the nation's money. In an Administration that often is all thumbs, some of them sticky, Egger is squeaky clean. Over the past three years, a few obtuse White House aides have called up for a little inside information. Egger has reminded them of the Watergate days, and the inquiries dried up instantly. In an Administration that can't seem to manage a peace-keeping force or a budget, Egger is transforming tax administration against terrible odds and is on his way to being recognized both inside and outside the IRS as the best commissioner yet. Reagan should give him a medal.

Under Egger the short form really is short. His toughness has helped to slow those tax-protest groups that refuse to file. Cheaters and finaglers still abound; hiding income and dreaming up new evasions and shelters, they will rob the country of \$90 billion or more this year. They are still gaining on Egger, but he believes that with more simplification and computerization he can one day hold his own.

For the dubious honor, Egger makes \$70,800 a year and has the odd pleasure of living all the time among the tax tables. He loves it. He is one of the world's great orderers, sorters and stagers of paper, and the IRS process ranks among the top challenges to modern computer designers. Though IRS woes are well catalogued, less understood is the fact that the U.S. tax system remains the most efficient of any major society's, costing only 47¢ to raise each \$100. Egger hopes that in a year or two all forms will be read by optical scanners and instantly checked, a development that may terrorize the wicked into righteousness.

In the past few days the tide of tax money that swells with the spring reached its peak, and by this Monday—filing deadline for most Americans—the U.S. was well on its way to collecting nearly \$700 billion, the greatest single gathering of wealth ever recorded. That is not bad for a system so reviled and so subject to congressional whim. Among the forms that have come in is that of the President and his wife. The Reagans declared an income of \$422,834 for last year (\$200,000 of it from his presidential salary, \$192,000 in interest and dividends, \$26,000 from pensions, and \$3,600 from rented land on their California ranch) and paid taxes of \$128,639. They claimed \$15,307 in deductions for charitable contributions, \$5,000 of which went to his alma mater, Eureka College, with most of the rest in cash donations to unspecified beneficiaries. Although he accepts federal matching funds for his campaign, Reagan did not check off the box directing that \$1 of his taxes be allocated for that purpose.

Egger fully expects a couple of his service centers—perhaps Austin or Fresno—to have billion-dollar days, another of those tax events that boggle the mind. The last time that a billion-dollar day was reported, checks, money orders and cash filled 100 boxes 3 in. by 7½ in. by 30 in. and were hustled onboard airplanes and rushed to banks for tabulating.

And Egger, 63, an Indiana boy with a heart bypass, two grandchildren, and gray suits that he buys off the rack at Raleighs clothing store, will drive his four-year-old Olds to and from his Washington office, thinking happily about all those returns flooding in. Nobody has stoned him. He lives in Chevy Chase, not Vaux-le-Vicomte. His reward may be a day off to sail his battered 24-ft. Columbia sailboat on Chesapeake Bay, something he loves almost as much as an honest and ontime 1040.



Roscoe Egger waiting for returns

World

SOVIET UNION

Surprise: The Ayes Have It

As Chernenko gets another title, a younger leader's star continues to rise

"The Soviet people know Konstantin Chernenko as a staunch fighter for Communism and peace. He has shown remarkable qualities of leadership throughout his many years of service," and has devoted "all his knowledge to building the economy and defense potential of the Soviet Union." That was but one of the tributes to their new leader that the 1,500 members of the Supreme Soviet, the country's nominal parliament, heard last week as they gathered in the Great Kremlin Palace. Speaking in a mellifluous if slightly nervous baritone, the Politburo's youngest member, Mikhail Gorbachev, went on to laud Chernenko as "a tested leader of the Leninist type" and a man of "outstanding political and organizational abilities and immense life experience." The delegates hardly needed the glowing accolades to be persuaded of Chernenko's virtues. No sooner had Gorbachev finished his brief nominating speech than all hands in the vaulted chamber shot up in unanimous approval of his proposal that Chernenko be elected President.

The decision was a personal triumph for the Siberian-born party worker and propagandist who succeeded the late Yuri Andropov in February. Leonid Brezhnev, Chernenko's longtime mentor, had waited 13 years to assume the largely ceremonial position of President, and it had taken Andropov seven months. But Chernenko, 72, had garnered the country's three key posts—General Secretary of the Communist Party, Chairman of the Defense Council, and now President—in only two months. As the parliamentary deputies rose to their feet and began to clap in rhythm, the stocky, silver-haired Chernenko savored the moment. He raised his right arm in a salute, then clasped his hands above his head like a victorious prizefighter.

Chernenko's quick election to the post seemed to indicate that Brezhnev and Andropov had established that the party leader should also be Chairman of the Defense Council and President. In his nominating speech, Gorbachev made clear that combining the two posts was of "great importance for pursuing foreign policy." But whether the new Soviet leader has the clout commensurate with his many new titles remains an open question.

Looking tan and fit, Chernenko seemed very much in charge as he moved to take his seat at center stage in the

Great Kremlin Palace. He was flanked by the men of the Politburo's old guard who now wield the most influence behind the scenes: Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, 75, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, 74, and Premier Nikolai Tikhonov, 78. But one measure of the shifting alignment of power in the post-Andropov era was the attention paid to Gorbachev, 53. Ever since Andropov's death, there have been indications that Gorbachev was in effect the country's new No. 2 man. The fact that he should be the one to nominate Chernenko for the presidency seemed to confirm that a cautious transfer of power to the next generation had begun. The same honor was given to Chernenko when Andropov got the job last June.

Gorbachev, trained in both agriculture and law, was not elected a voting member of the Politburo until 1980. During Andropov's brief time in power, Gorbachev was put in charge of a high-level committee, studying ways to improve the economy. Unusually well traveled for a Soviet leader, he has been to Canada, France and West Germany. His foreign hosts have found him to be open and in-

formed. Gorbachev's name was mentioned in the succession to Andropov, but the Politburo's veterans presumably thought the moment was not yet ripe for the shift to someone who was barely a teen-ager at the end of World War II.

Gorbachev followed the proceedings from his seat just behind Chernenko's. A balding figure in a gray three-piece suit and wire-rim glasses, he fidgeted restlessly and riffled through the pages of his speech, which was bound in a red folder. Two hours before he stepped up to the polished, dark wood lectern to nominate Chernenko for President, his own name came up on a list of parliamentary committee chairmen. The neoclassical hall was wrapped in a post-luncheon lethargy and few delegates were in their seats when the announcement was made that Gorbachev had been appointed head of the Foreign Affairs Commission. The choice was significant, for the post has traditionally been held by the party's second-ranking secretary. The appointment promised to give Gorbachev the experience in foreign affairs that he now lacks. Said a Western diplomat: "It looks like

Fellow Politburo members, including, in the front row, Ustinov, Gromyko and Tikhonov, applaud the



they are grooming him for stardom."

As part of the process of establishing his authority, Chernenko has been the beneficiary of a campaign to bolster his image. Photographs have been distributed showing the grandfatherly leader in informal poses that recall Brezhnev. The day before Chernenko was elected President, *Krasnaya Zvezda*, the Defense Ministry's official newspaper, published an article that patched what had been a large hole in the new leader's career: his military record. Chernenko did not fight on

the front lines in World War II, but, according to *Krasnaya Zvezda*, he did battle bandits and anti-Soviet rebels while guarding the border in eastern Kazakhstan in 1930. The article, illustrated by a photo showing a youthful Chernenko in the back row of a group of border guards, pointed out that the future Soviet leader was not only a "skilled horseman" but also a "good marksman with a rifle and a light machine gun" who "hurled grenades accurately."

After two months the outlines of the Chernenko era remain indistinct. There was little about last week's meetings of the Communist Party Central Committee and the Supreme Soviet that suggested what direction the new leader intended to take. Chernenko has not openly abandoned the modest economic reforms begun by Andropov, but he has not pursued them with great vigor either. He devoted most of his



An informal Brezhnev-like pose: the grandfatherly Chernenko in the woods outside Moscow

address to the Central Committee to the topics of school reform and greater popular participation in government.

Chernenko has proved to be as inflexible as Andropov in dealing with the U.S. In a *Pravda* interview published last week, Chernenko expressed doubts about the conciliatory tone of recent White House statements and gave the Administration no credit for such initiatives as the proposal of a treaty banning chemical warfare. "The introduction of new words does not mean a new policy," he declared. Chernenko maintained his insistence that the Geneva arms talks, which the Soviets broke off in November after Britain and West Germany began to install new intermediate-range U.S. nuclear missiles,

would only resume when the U.S. and its NATO allies took measures "to restore the situation that existed" before the deployment. Soviet policy, Chernenko warned, was not subject to "transient vacillations" or dependent on the outcome of U.S. presidential elections. Said he: "Hints about some sort of 'calculations' on our part in conjunction with the elections in the U.S. are an attempt by someone to conceal his own reluctance to reach agreements."

The White House responded that it was "disappointed by the tone" of Chernenko's remarks. Despite the Soviet leader's disclaimer, Administration officials remain convinced that the Soviet Union will make no moves this year that could in any way help Reagan's re-election campaign. Retired General Brent Scowcroft, head of the President's bipartisan Commission on Strategic Forces, returned from a recent visit to Moscow with a gloomy assessment of the prospects for a breakthrough in arms control. Said he: "The political and psychological atmosphere between Washington and Moscow is as bad as it's been in my memory."

The Pentagon did little to improve that atmosphere last week when it published its third edition of a glossy booklet entitled *Soviet Military Power*. Generously illustrated with color photographs of Soviet warships at sea and drawings of missiles blasting off, the 136-page report singled out as particular causes for concern the continuing deployment of SS-20 missiles (the current total: 243 launchers aimed at Western Europe and 135 launchers in Asia), the modernization of the SS-18 and SS-19 intercontinental missiles, the testing of two new strategic weapons called SS-X-24 and SS-X-25, and the imminent deployment of three long-range cruise missiles.

Unveiling the book at a special press conference, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger described the Soviet goal as nothing less than "world domination." He added: "Everything we see in this book,



Gorbachev

elected President, front right, as he responds with a wave



and everything we see in information that we are not able to share with you at this time, confirms that that is the kind of war machine they are trying to acquire." The official Soviet News Agency TASS accused the Reagan Administration of stooping "to the most shameful lies to misrepresent the existing balance of forces between the Soviet Union and the U.S. so as to justify to world public opinion its attempts to achieve military superiority." Domestic critics had a simpler explanation: they noted that the Pentagon report now appears as regularly as cherry blossoms just about the time Congress is considering the defense budget.

Chernenko's address to the closed-door meeting of the Central Committee lacked the rhetorical bite of his predecessor's blunt statements about the sluggish Soviet economy. Instead, the new leader seemed to balance calls for change with expressions of concern for preserving the present system. Said he: "The necessary quests for the new must not be allowed to distract us from a more effective use of the existing institutions of management." Only Premier Tikhonov made direct reference to the Andropov reform program when he told the Supreme Soviet that "we must continue the economic experiments that provide flexibility and independence to some of our enterprises."

Chernenko's address focused mainly on ways to improve the work of administrative councils, known as *soviets*, and to overhaul the school system. He urged local officials to pay more attention to popular opinion, and spoke out in favor of educational reforms that would add an extra year of schooling, upgrade vocational training and raise the salaries of teachers.

Reports from the party plenum were carefully scrutinized for clues indicating who was up and who was down in the Soviet leadership. Death or promotion had thinned the ranks of the Politburo's non-voting members to only six. But with the exception of Gorbachev's symbolic promotion, the ruling lineup remained unchanged. Said a Western diplomat: "There seems to be a balance in the Politburo that they do not want to change by bringing in someone new."

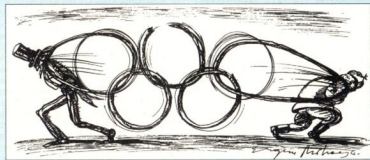
Given their deep-rooted fear of instability, the aging men who still wield power in the Kremlin are not likely in the near future to sanction sudden shifts in foreign or domestic policy. But pressing problems do face the Soviet Union, none more troublesome than the need to groom a younger generation to rule. In his first two months in power, Chernenko has not allied himself with the forces of modernization as Andropov tried to do. But neither has he done anything to halt his nation's uncertain course into the future. Even in the most controlled societies, change must come, however slowly.

—By John Kohan.
Reported by Erik Amft/theater/Moscow and Johanna McGeary/Washington

A Threat to the Olympics

Will the Soviet Union send its athletes to Los Angeles this summer to compete in the Olympic Games? Until recently, U.S. officials believed the answer was yes. They assumed that the Soviets and their East bloc allies were so eager to do well on America's home ground that they would overlook the fact that the U.S. boycotted the 1980 Moscow Games in protest against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Now, after a Soviet propaganda barrage against U.S. handling of the Games, there is less certainty about the decision. Even Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, thinks the chances of Soviet participation have declined, dropping from 95% to 70%.

The Soviet blasts began last month after the U.S. denied a visa to Oleg Yermishkin, a suspected KGB agent whom the Soviets wanted to send to Los Angeles as their Olympic attaché. Almost immediately, Moscow began to complain not only about the Yermishkin case but about a statement by the U.S. embassy in Moscow that Soviet athletes needed American visas rather than the special identity cards called for in the Olympic charter. Soviet newspapers denounced the "uncontrollable commercialization" of the Games and the "exorbitant" cost of the services to be provided to the teams in Los Angeles. They charged that there were "reactionary political, émigré and religious groups" in the U.S. that were "teaming up on an anti-Olympic basis." Furthermore, said the Soviet press, the Reagan Administration was "trying to use the Games for its selfish political ends." Late last



week the International Olympic Committee called a special meeting, to be held in Lausanne, Switzerland, on April 24, to discuss the Soviet complaints.

The Administration was caught off guard by the intensity of the barrage and was uncertain as to what it meant. Were the Soviets getting ready to boycott the Games? If so, their East bloc allies would almost certainly follow the leader, although some first-class teams, like East Germany's, would be dismayed at the prospect of forfeiting their virtually assured bushel of medals. For the moment, the Administration believes the Soviets are merely exploiting the situation for propaganda purposes, possibly hoping to extract some concessions from Olympic officials in Los Angeles. The U.S. argues that it has lifted, for the period of the Games, an existing ban on Soviet airliners carrying passengers into the country and has granted permission for a Soviet ship to be used as a floating hotel. Administration officials maintain that they were justified in denying a visa to a suspected KGB official but insist that they would grant "unhindered entry" to accredited athletes. Privately, some officials acknowledge that the U.S. embassy in Moscow made a mistake in stating that Soviet athletes needed visas instead of identity cards, but they emphasize that the matter could have been sorted out quickly and quietly.

The Soviets have a real concern over groups like the Ban the Soviets Coalition, a band of California activists that has vowed to stage anti-Communist demonstrations during the Games and do what it can to encourage Soviet athletes to defect. It is presumably this group that Moscow had in mind last week when it expressed the fear that at the Games, "the civil rights of athletes may be infringed and their dignity outraged."

Ueberroth said last week that he hopes to fly to Moscow shortly to discuss the whole range of Soviet concerns. As for the Ban the Soviets Coalition, he added, "I don't know the group. There are a lot of nutty groups; that's one. It's a wonderful thing about freedom in this country. People can like or dislike anything they want." Perhaps the best hope for Soviet participation is that Chernenko would not wish to cause the uproar and ill will in the East bloc countries that would be the consequence of a pullout from the Summer Games.

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World

ISRAEL

Drama on Two Disparate Fronts

Sharon makes a political comeback, and terrorists strike again

As the fully loaded bus left Tel Aviv, Passenger Nissim Cohen became suspicious of four young Arabs aboard the vehicle, two at the front and two at the back. Cohen noticed that the men, who had two suitcases among them, appeared tense and never spoke to one another. He mentioned his fears to an army officer, but was urged to calm down. Finally, after the bus had passed Ashdod, 19 miles south of Tel Aviv, Cohen jumped off and called police. Moments later, the four men announced that they were armed with explosives and were taking over the bus. "We are at war," said one. "Your people are killing our women and children. You are our prisoners, and we will kill you."

The bus raced on toward the Egyptian border, smashing through two roadblocks before being brought to a halt by Israeli marksmen who shot out its tires. As helicopters flew in with special crack units and medical teams, directed by Defense Minister Moshe Arens and Chief of Staff Moshe Levy, the terrorists demanded the release of 25 Palestinians being held in Israeli jails. At 4:45 a.m. Friday, before the first rays of light hit the surrounding palm trees, Israeli commandos burst in through the rear window and two doors, killing all four hijackers. One passenger died, seven were injured and 31 escaped unhurt. Scarcely three hours later, the Israeli army retaliated by destroying the homes of the dead terrorists, who were Palestinians from the Gaza Strip.

During the entire episode, the government had maintained an internal news blackout. As a result, Israelis were preoccupied that night by a drama of a very different kind that was unfolding at the exhibition grounds convention center in Tel Aviv. There, at a meeting of the central committee of the Herut Party, the main group within the ruling Likud bloc, former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon was challenging Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir for the party leadership.

Shamir won, as expected, and thus became the Likud's candidate for Prime Minister in the July 23 elections. But the big surprise was that Sharon got 42% of the delegates' votes to Shamir's 56%. Most political observers had expected Sharon to win a mere 10% to 15%. It was a remarkable



Sharon after casting his vote



Shamir giving victory speech

comeback for a man who was forced to resign as Defense Minister last year after the government-appointed Kahan commission concluded that he had made "a grave mistake when he ignored the danger of acts of revenge and bloodshed" by Lebanese Phalangists against Arab civilians in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps outside Beirut in September 1982. Might Sharon's strong showing last week put him in a position to regain his old defense job? "Not to be excluded," boasted his close associate Uri Dan, who recalled that after publication of the Kahan report he had said, "Those who didn't want Sharon as Minister of Defense will get him as Prime Minister."

Contributing heavily to Sharon's strong showing was the absence of 235 of the 950 members of the Herut Party's central committee. Some of the absentees were disgruntled supporters of Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, who had failed in his bid for the top post after the resignation of former Prime Minister Menachem Begin last August; others were Shamir supporters who figured their can-

didate would win handily. Begin, who has not been seen in public for months, did not attend the party meeting.

Throughout the day and night, the Prime Minister maintained a stoic calm as he kept abreast of the anti-terrorist operation and learned the seriousness of Sharon's challenge. The fundamental problem was not the vote itself but the nagging question of what to do with Sharon if Likud wins the elections. Said a Shamir colleague: "I'm sure Sharon will be a Minister. He has support and cannot be ignored." The opposition Labor Party, led by former Defense Minister Shimon Peres, saw an unexpected opportunity in the vote. Said Labor Secretary-General Haim Bar-Lev: "The Herut's support for Shamir is embarrassing."

The Reagan Administration has been doing its best to stay out of the Israeli election campaign, although it is an open secret that Washington would welcome a Labor victory. U.S. officials hope that a Labor-led government in Jerusalem would quickly conclude a withdrawal from Lebanon and, more important, revive Reagan's Middle East peace plan of September 1982 by making "creative overtures" to Jordan. U.S.-Israel relations have vastly improved since Shamir succeeded Begin, and Shamir has done a number of things that the U.S. approves of. He has, for instance, made some progress in controlling Jewish terrorists who attack Arabs on the West Bank, even as he has had to contend with a series of Palestinian terrorist acts within Israel. Late last week Shamir vowed to continue to retaliate against Palestinian guerrillas for the hijacking of the bus. "We will strike them and destroy them," he declared Friday night.*

But the Shamir government is in deep trouble on economic issues. Israel has an inflation rate of nearly 300% and a trade deficit of \$5.1 billion. By the government's admission, the new budget is expected to produce a 7% drop in the standard of living over the next year. The latest polls, taken before the Herut leadership vote, showed Labor winning 52 of the Knesset's 120 seats, vs. 41 for the Likud. But Israeli voters are notoriously unpredictable, as they proved in 1981 when they defied all forecasts and handed Begin a second mandate.

—By William E. Smith,
Reported by David Halevy and
Robert Slater/Jerusalem



When it was all over, a terrorist's body lay slumped in the driver's seat

From the start, a passenger was suspicious of the men with the suitcases.

World

BRAZIL

Waking the Sleeping Giant

A mass movement calls for a quicker return to full democracy

For weeks, Rio de Janeiro had been gearing up for the event. The words *diretas já* (direct elections now) became inescapable, splashed across posters, walls, buttons, T shirts and bumper stickers. Climbers scaled one of the peaks that surround the city and mounted a 35-ft.-high cloth banner bearing the slogan. At Maracanã stadium, the huge electronic scoreboard flashed the words repeatedly during soccer matches. The climax came last week, in Brazil's biggest public demonstration ever. An estimated 1 million people swarmed into the plaza that sur-

rounding their next leader. The public mood also reflects a lack of confidence in the government's ability to deal with an economy beset by severe underemployment and unemployment (40%), runaway inflation (230%) and the Third World's highest foreign debt (\$96 billion).

Five years ago, the military men who had been governing Brazil since a 1964 coup decided that they would take major steps to return the country to civilian rule. An important move in that direction came in November 1982, when Brazilians were allowed to cast their ballots for both local

and constitutional amendment favoring direct presidential elections in November this year. Joining forces with students, businessmen, feminist organizations and labor unions, they began to stage mass demonstrations. Since January, hundreds of thousands of people have turned out in the cities of Curitiba, São Paulo and Belo Horizonte. Even the world's best-known Brazilian, Soccer Star Pelé, has declared his support by dedicating a replica of Brazil's most coveted soccer cup to the cause.

One of the movement's least likely supporters, but perhaps its most likely beneficiary, is civilian Vice President Aureliano Chaves, 55. In a break with the government position, he has embraced the call for direct elections. As a result, he has become decidedly more popular than the three other P.D.S. presidential hopefuls, and the four possible opposition contenders, including Rio Governor Brizola, who all stand a better chance of winning if the electoral college is abolished.

The country's deteriorating economy has added urgency to the political debate. The "miracle" that rapidly industrialized Brazil's economy in the 1960s and early 1970s began to fade when the oil crisis hit and U.S. interest rates skyrocketed. Today the average wage—less than \$150 a month—is not enough to feed the average family. Armies of beggars proliferate in city streets and scavenge for food in the refuse of open-air markets. So bad is the situation that last year the mobs took to looting supermarkets in Rio and São Paulo. In recent weeks teachers and metalworkers have staged demonstrations protesting mismanagement of the economy.

Much of the discontent has been generated by austerity measures that the Figueiredo government imposed after the International Monetary Fund came to Brazil's temporary financial rescue in March 1983 with a \$4.9 billion loan. The measures include curbs on wage increases, a reduction of food-price subsidies and a tightening of credit. The opposition charges that these policies are far too harsh. At last week's Rio rally, P.M.D.B. President Ulysses Guimarães accused the government of "wanting to liquidate the riches of Brazil and turn them over to the International Monetary Fund."

The amendment calling for direct elections is scheduled to come up for a vote in the Brazilian Congress on April 25. Although proponents of the change could still gather enough support, it is more likely that the P.D.S. will boycott the session, preventing the two-thirds quorum necessary for the vote to take place, and that Figueiredo will present a compromise under which direct elections might take place as early as 1988. If that does not placate his opponents, however, the President may leave office next March to the beat of protests far less festive than last week's Rio rally. —By Laura López. Reported by Michael Kepp/Rio de Janeiro



Brazilians fill downtown Rio's Candelária Church Plaza in the largest rally ever

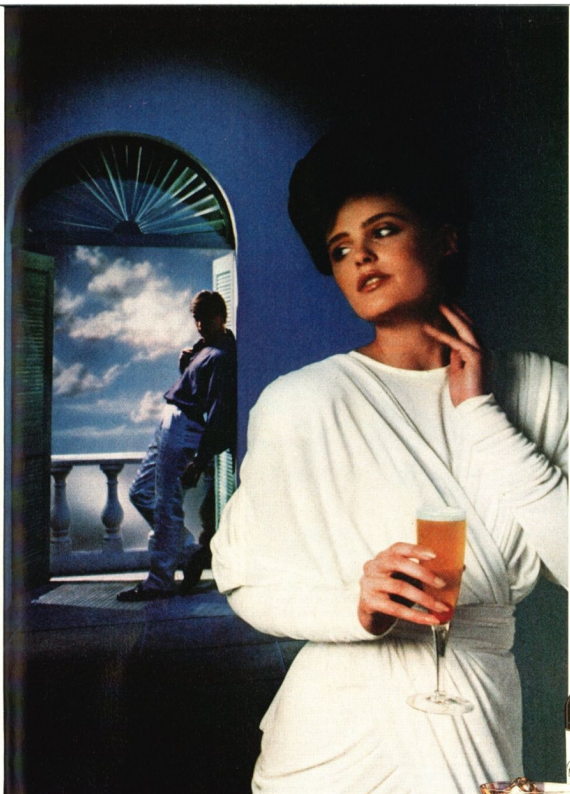
An economy plagued by high inflation and unemployment has added urgency to the debate.

rounds Rio's Candelária Church, raising clenched fists and chanting "Diretas já!" Yet at times the six-hour rally had the flavor of *carnaval*, with a hot-air balloon, a laser light show and strains of a samba beat. Shortly after nightfall, politicians and major Brazilian entertainers brought the crowd to fever pitch with passionate speeches and songs. Declared Leonel Brizola, governor of the state of Rio de Janeiro: "The history of Brazil will be divided between what happened before and what happened after this demonstration."

At issue is the way in which Brazilians will take the next step in their country's cautious return to democracy after two decades of military rule: the election of a successor to President João Figueiredo, 66, a retired general whose six-year term expires in March 1985. The government has decided that the choice will be made next January by a 686-member electoral college. But according to the latest polls, 80% of Brazil's voters want a direct say in

and state officials as well as for 502 members of the federal Congress. In a major defeat, the government-backed Social Democratic Party (P.D.S.) received only 38% of the popular vote; the governorships of ten states as well as control of the House of Representatives fell into the hands of the Brazilian Democratic Movement (P.M.D.B.) and other opposition parties. But because the electoral college is disproportionately weighted in favor of the less populous northern states, which generally support the government, Figueiredo was able to keep control of the body. Not before 1991, according to the government plan, will Brazilians vote directly for a President. Explained Figueiredo on national television last month: "Everything has its time and its hour."

After tasting victory in the 1982 elections, many Brazilians decided that the right time was now. By late last year the most prominent opposition Congressmen began to organize and lobby for passage of



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World

CHAD

The Great Toyota War

Mounted on stallions of steel, desert tribesmen fight on and on

Largely forgotten amid the world's more pressing conflicts is the civil war in the central African nation of Chad. In the nine months since France sent 3,000 troops to back the government of President Hissène Habré against Libyan-supported rebels, the two sides have been largely deadlocked. But the fighting goes on: two weeks ago nine French paratroopers were killed on a road in northeastern Chad. TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief James Wilde spent ten days with the Chad army, traveling by Land-Rover from the capital city of N'Djamena to Sahara outposts near the Libyan border. His report:

Small groups of Toyota desert vehicles, with 106-mm recoilless rifles mounted at the rear, wheel and charge like cavalry

desert is littered with dead vehicles.

If the war were limited to Toyotas, the army would likely hold the day. But the rebels also have armor, and there are daily incursions by Libyan MiGs, which have to be spooked back into Libyan territory by French Jaguar fighters. Though the number of men involved on the ground is small, the distances are enormous. When a Jaguar chases a Libyan plane away from the army's front line, it must be refueled in flight in order to return to its base at N'Djamena.

Chad is effectively partitioned between the government and the rebels, but Idriss Deby, 27, commander of the Chad army, has no intention of letting things remain that way. Says Deby, a lean, ascetic man with samurai eyes: "Despite all kinds



STEWART

A Goran tribesman and other government soldiers returning from a patrol near the front

They move silently, without war cries, except for the high-pitched scream of their engines.

in the vastness of the Sahara. Outriders hang from the sides, firing their AK-47s with deadly grace. Very young and therefore very brave, the men of these small fighting units, or *escadrons*, whip their Toyotas' flanks until the vehicles seem to snort and froth at the bit like fine-blood Arab stallions. The young soldiers move silently, without war cries except for the high-pitched scream of their engines.

These men are part of the first and second regiments of the Chad army, which is fighting a daily game of no-prisoners with the rebels who infiltrate from Libya to the north and Sudan to the east. The enemy also uses *escadrons* of Toyota vehicles, usually along with a 22-ton Mercedes truck for support. Some of these get through government lines, mine the roads and frighten the local population. When they do engage the army, they usually get the worst of it. In the battlefields of what has come to be called the Great Toyota War, the

of shortages, we have been able to hold both the Libyan army and the rebels at bay." Nobody knows exactly how many men the Chad army has. The French say 7,000; the Chadians say "many, many." Its best fighters are the Goran, tribesmen from the northern district of Tibesti, a starkly beautiful area of volcanic massifs, gorges and craters that was known in antiquity as the land where the wind is born. A French officer says that the Goran are still the finest light cavalrymen in the world. But now, he adds, "they are mounted on Toyotas instead of horses."

The 500-mile trip from the capital to the outpost of Kalait in northeastern Chad can take days, even weeks, over one of the worst roads in Africa. It varies from soft, treacherous quicksand and dunes to flinty, sunbaked plains to immense boulders. On occasion it is mined by rebel infiltrators, and sometimes it is patrolled by bandits of uncertain political persuasion.

The road itself is a war museum, a graveyard of vehicles used in past battles. Silhouetted against the sky is an Arab horseman. His stallion rears, pawing the air, and he is off in a cloud of dust toward the horizon. "That could well be a rebel," says our driver.

The first night is spent at Tersef, 100 miles north of N'Djamena. Supper is served in a hut of branches and millet straw. Everyone eats from the same dish, though there is little but hard gristle and bone. "We have no ranks," says Abdul Osman, 21. "We are all combatants, we are all volunteers." His job is to teach reading and writing to the troops. After supper he conducts a lesson: "Maman est très belle... Maman a une belle robe... Bonjour, maman." Since there are 300 different languages in Chad, French is the lingua franca.

At the French Foreign Legion fort in Ati, a Scottish legionnaire checks travel documents. Of the twelve robed passengers in our truck, he asks, "Who are all those guys with spears? Are they O.K.?" Before an excellent lunch, served on fine linen, the local legion commander says, "A Goran soldier can go 48 hours without water and a week without food. That's more than our boys can do." That night at a military outpost in Oum-Hadjer, a civil servant observes, "This war started out with cavalry and scimitars. Now it is all Soviet rocket launchers, recoilless rifles and antitank guns. It is cutting our country to pieces."

On the fifth night, in Biltine, an army lieutenant tells of a victory last January led by General Deby. Government forces ambushed an enemy column of 25 Toyotas and other vehicles. "We trapped the enemy and took 256 prisoners and all the weapons we needed," says the lieutenant. "You see, there is no need for the French to take part in the fighting. But it is those Libyan planes that break up our troop concentrations after every victory."

After Biltine comes the Sahara. Driving in the desert is like swimming in treacle. The engine screams and one inches forward with painful slowness. To stop can mean being delayed for hours, perhaps days. Suddenly a Toyota appears, followed by a truck. The wild-eyed leader, his pistol wrapped in a cloth, begs for gasoline, explaining that his small *escadron* has been driving all night.

Kalait is a collection of smashed huts, thorn trees and wrecked vehicles. The army's divisional headquarters is a green canvas tent captured from the Libyans. Inland, sitting with legs crossed on a carpet, is the general, Abdul Ramand Berdabali, 47, looking like a bird of prey. "Oh, yes," he says, pointing to a heap of sheep man lines sitting next to his sleeping mat, "there are plenty of mines about. They are plastic, which makes them hard to detect." Under his watchful eye, everyone devours trays of boiled mutton covered with flies. Again, all eat together. "Even *Camarade* Habré ate from the

same plate with us when he came to visit," the commander says.

Later Berdabali drives his visitor to nearby Wadi-Fami, where 400 government soldiers equipped with only six tanks and 21 Toyotas defeated 3,500 Libyans and rebels last September. How did they do it? "We just charged them, that's all," says the commander. As he roared off in his Toyota, a soldier called after him, "Bonne route, Papa."

That night, as the three men in the commander's escort lie in their blankets, the stars so close you could touch them with your toes, a soldier named Mohammed says proudly, "I've been at war for five years. Sometimes I've had to sleep five nights in a row with rotting corpses." Is he afraid of dying? "Of course not," he says. "If I were, I wouldn't be in the army." While most of his comrades carry lucky charms, Mohammed wears only an empty 9-mm shell casing around his neck. He is of a breed of soldier who knows nothing in life except battle, hunger, pain, cold and thirst. He and his friends say they are determined to die in the saddle, "like true Goran."

FRANCE

Hitting Home

A grieving brother goes wild

The cream-colored Alfa-Romeo careened toward the assembled dignitaries as a security man, in a half-crouch, squeezed off shots from his .357 magnum. There were screams. Onlookers scattered. The car slued into a line of coffins, knocking one over, and finally rolled to a halt, after coming within ten feet of French Defense Minister Charles Hernu. The incident last week climaxed an otherwise solemn military funeral at the Toulouse-Francazal airbase for the nine French paratroopers killed in Chad. The grieving brother of one of the dead soldiers had tried to run down the Minister.

Hernu, who had just decorated each of the tricolor-draped caskets of the 17th Paratroop Regiment, was startled, but escaped injury; his assailant, a Toulouse nightclub bouncer named Lionel Rehal, 26, was wounded in the thigh by one of the shots fired at him. While officials considered what, if any, charges to lodge against Rehal, members of his family attributed his act to anguish over the death of his brother Laurent, 19. But they also complained, as did relatives of the other dead paratroopers, that the government had been less than forthcoming in explaining the casualties. Hernu originally announced that the men had died in a "tragic accident" while removing abandoned rebel vehicles. Government spokesmen later said that the soldiers were reconnoitering along a road that "might have been mined." Finally, a day after the funeral, Hernu told the French Parliament that the deaths had occurred when one of the soldiers "imprudently or perhaps accidentally" mishandled a 90-mm shell. ■

JAPAN

Hard Soap

A TV series reopens old wounds

In terms of plot, the show is merely the stuff of any normal television soap opera: rape, plunder, anguish, despair. But the yearlong Japanese TV series *Sanga Moyu* is causing a real-life melodrama of its own. Based on a popular novel, *Two Homelands* by Toyoko Yamasaki, it is the story of the Japanese-American Amoh family, immigrants to the U.S. whose national loyalties are tested by World War II. The homeland they choose does not choose them, and the Amohs live through racist humiliation, imprisonment in a California relocation center and other indignities. The show has been so popular in Japan that its producers planned to offer it to Japanese-speaking Americans, but a controversy has arisen that may keep the series off U.S. TV.

Even before *Sanga Moyu* made its debut in Japan last January, there were

on Southern California's Japanese-language TV. Some Japanese Americans see the program as a distortion of themselves and a threat to their own fortunes in the U.S. Most of the criticism has come from the 32,000-member Japanese American Citizens League, the oldest and largest Japanese civil rights group in the U.S. *Sanga Moyu* portrays a dilemma of divided patriotism that most Japanese Americans say does not exist. "There are no torn loyalties," says J.A.C.L. National Director Ron Wakabayashi. "It gives a completely wrong impression." Adds Floyd Shimomura, the organization's president, "We spent three generations trying to prove our loyalties [to the U.S.]. I'd hate to see a TV show undo all of that."

To placate its critics, NHK added 16 episodes in the beginning of the series that provide a broad but dull view of modern Japanese history starting in 1936. In these segments the militarists prior to Pearl Harbor are depicted as deceptive, conniving scoundrels. NHK executives have even produced a pamphlet that outlines the changes made in the book's original story



In *Sanga Moyu*, Kenji Amoh and his family protest maltreatment in a California relocation center. A television show that threatens to damage already sensitive U.S.-Japanese relations.

grumbles among Japanese Americans, U.S. diplomats and Americans living in Japan. As early as last May, the Japanese Foreign Ministry received alarms from its embassy in Washington. The diplomats relayed fears of Japanese Americans that dredging up the anti-Japanese hysteria of 1942 would damage relations between the two countries, especially at a time of friction over Japanese-American trade. Mike Masaoka, a longtime Washington public relations man whose clients include large Japanese firms and American companies doing business in Japan, pointed out in a letter to Japanese officials: "It could jeopardize good relations on all sides. Why add to a delicate situation?"

In the U.S. an overwhelming wave of protest from Japanese Americans prompted the Japanese television network, Nippon Hoso Kyokai (NHK), to postpone the American premiere of the series, originally scheduled for early March

line, ones that improve the American image. The television version, they say, will enhance mutual understanding; instead of just dealing with unfortunate experiences, it will also show American good will and humane treatment of Japanese Americans. Says NHK Drama Director Ryo Okino: "Many of those who are protesting are doing so on the basis of the book, but we have made many changes. Their anxieties will evaporate once they have seen the drama."

Amid the continuing controversy over *Sanga Moyu*, broadcasters in Southern California, San Francisco, Honolulu and New York City have decided to postpone the series indefinitely. They say that when the show finishes its run in Japan next winter, they will reconsider that decision. Still, things could heat up again on April 22, when the series closes out its historical episodes and plunges directly into the bombing of Pearl Harbor. ■



Looking eastward from West Berlin: the Wall, the Brandenburg Gate and beyond, the TV tower at Alexanderplatz

LOWRIE—VISUM/WOODFIS CAMP

EAST GERMANY

Bridge over an Infamous Wall

Despite the superpower chill, a Soviet satellite stays in touch with the West

"If American missiles are deployed on West German soil the situation will change." When the late Soviet leader Yuri Andropov directed that warning at West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl last year, he left no doubt about what he meant. Ties between East and West Germany would inevitably deteriorate once the two countries had to view each other "through a thick palisade of missiles."

Relations between the two Germanys have changed, but not in the way that Andropov predicted. Only three days after the West German parliament voted last November to deploy the new NATO Pershing II missiles, East German Leader Erich Honecker spoke of the need to "minimize the damages" to East-West relations. Since then, he has welcomed Kohl to East Germany, conferred with opposition Social Democratic Leader Hans-Jochen Vogel and negotiated trade credits with Bavarian Leader Franz Josef Strauss, a staunch anti-Communist. Later this year, in his first official visit to West Germany, Honecker will make a nostalgic trip to his home town of Wiebelskirchen. Most auspiciously, perhaps, East Germany has allowed more than 19,000 of its citizens to emigrate to the West since the beginning of the year; in all of 1983, 11,343 East Germans crossed the border. Says Horst Ehmke, deputy leader of West Germany's Social Democratic Party: "Right now Honecker is doing more for détente than any other statesman."

Such a show of independence from Moscow is surprising in an East bloc nation known for marching in lockstep with

the Kremlin. But while Honecker has eased travel restrictions he has added a new extension to the Berlin Wall just behind the Brandenburg Gate, as if to indicate that there are clear limits on how far the new togetherness can go. TIME Senior Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer spent two weeks crisscrossing East Germany in an effort to understand the ambivalence of a country striving to be both Communist and German. His report:

Nearly four decades after the end of World War II, East Berlin still seems to be digging out from the rubble left by Allied bombardments and the advancing Red Army. The old German Cathedral, a stone's throw from Checkpoint Charlie and West Berlin, stands charred and roofless, awaiting renovation. On the once famous Unter den Linden promenade, the German State Library shows the

markings of bullets and shrapnel. But the war and subsequent dismemberment of the country have also left deep psychological wounds that have fostered the growing sense of unease in East Germany about the present stalemate in U.S.-Soviet relations.

Because of East Germany's close ties with the Soviet Union, public discussion of the arms race is carefully controlled. But there are occasional displays of candor that reveal what East Germans are really thinking. At the Pfeffermühle, a noted satiric cabaret in Leipzig, an antiwar skit portrays the absurdity of the arms race better than hundreds of vituperative articles in the official press. Two soldiers, one American, the other Soviet, stand on opposite sides of a white border post. They compare missiles. The Soviet, who openly identifies his weapon as an SS-20, insists that it is necessary for peace. The American replies that the Pershing is for peace too. The soldiers finally admit that each side has the power to destroy the other 30 times and that there can be no winners in a nuclear holocaust.

Despite such appearances, the government has shown that it will not tolerate open protest. Last November police prevented antiwar groups from forming a human chain reaching from the U.S. embassy to the Soviet embassy on the Unter den Linden. Official propaganda posters make it clear that the U.S. is responsible for the arms race and depict President Reagan as the warhead of a NATO missile. East Germany's commitment to the Warsaw Pact is as unshakable as ever. Young men in trim, silver-buttoned coats from

Looking westward: Party Leader Honecker



STEVE THORNTON—GETTY IMAGES

the People's Army seem to be everywhere in East Berlin. Soviet trucks, high-wheeled Jeeps and sometimes tanks freely roam country roads, singly or in convoys. Informers for the East German State Security Service riddle society. Says a young woman: "They know me better than I do."

The regime has also cracked down on the only unofficial peace movement, which was launched in 1981 by youth groups in the Lutheran Church under the slogan "Swords into Plowshares." At first the authorities allowed church leaders to distribute 100,000 patches with the group's distinctive emblem, depicting a man bending a sword with hammer blows. But when the badges began to attract international attention, the police hauled young people in to tear or cut the offending emblems from their clothing.

Still, it is hard to keep East German youth from being influenced by the peace movement on the other side of the border. While the Soviet Union and other East bloc countries continue to jam radio broadcasts from the West, more than two-thirds of East Germany's 16.8 million people live within range of West Germany's three television networks. Every day an undistorted picture of life in the West is beamed into their living rooms. Only the area around Dresden, which forms a huge basin, is out of touch and universally pitied as "the Valley of the Unknowing."

Television and the picture that it gives of the West have come to play a dominant role in East German life. Children grow up knowing West German commercials by heart, without getting a taste of the real thing. Their parents view live parliamentary debates from Bonn, Western news reports from around the world and *Dallas* with the same fascination as their neighbors across the border. West German politicians are so familiar that they are instantly recognized during visits to East Germany. Says Lutheran Minister

Manfred Domrös: "On television the West looks like a beautifully decorated shop window."

The Communist regime tries to counter Western broadcasts with special programs and press commentaries "correcting the wrong impressions." But it cannot compete and has little choice but to let in more Western entertainment. The Weimar State Theater is negotiating for the rights to produce Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, and the Leipzig State Opera finds nothing wrong with staging *West Side Story* with its ringing chorus, "I want to be in America." Meanwhile, *On Golden Pond* is charming audiences in East German moviehouses.

Living next to West Germany also has distinct economic advantages. Because of special trade agreements between the two countries, East Germany is often referred to, only half-jokingly, as the "eleventh member of the European Com-

But the good life in East Germany is still a pale shadow of what can be seen daily on West German television. Lines in East Berlin are as common as they are in most Soviet bloc capitals. At the few remaining private bakeries and butchers, East Germans queue up in hopes of getting better rolls or a steak "under the table." Produce markets are crowded whenever bananas arrive, usually once every three weeks. Women scramble at the hoisery counter when the runless brand, "softy hose," is available. A family usually has to wait from eight to ten years to buy a Trabant, the tiny, uncomfortable car built in East Germany.

The fact that East Germans can constantly compare their own economic backwardness and restricted personal freedom to a more bountiful life enjoyed by people who speak the same language, learn the same nursery rhymes and

eat the same food has fostered a national inferiority complex. Sipping soda in a café off East Berlin's Alexanderplatz, a vast square of monolithic buildings under a huge television tower, Katie Markert, 19, a dress designer, laments the fact that she cannot walk the Paris boulevards that she knows so well from books, films and television. "What have we done to be forbidden to go wherever we like?" she asks. "We are not criminals."

A desire to travel, especially to the West, has replaced the obsession with better quality food, clothes and housing that crooked the postwar generation. But until recently, only elderly East Germans could travel abroad with relative ease. Now as many as 500,000 East Germans, the majority of them between 20 and 40, are believed to have filed applications for exit visas. West German diplomats say that many are marginal types who would be difficult to employ in any society. Others are drawn by the glitter of capitalism. Complains an East Berlin engineer: "Too



Girls at a Protestant church convention in Magdeburg

Christian children are often barred from higher education.

munity." West Germany also offers interest-free trade credits to East Germany to keep exports and imports between the two countries in balance. East German workers, on average, take home \$360 a month, in contrast with \$250 in Czechoslovakia and \$230 in the Soviet Union. In the Soviet bloc, only Hungarians enjoy a higher standard of living.

Fears of an explosion of youthful discontent: East German punks in Erfurt; teen-agers, dressed in Western styles, enjoy a break in Leipzig



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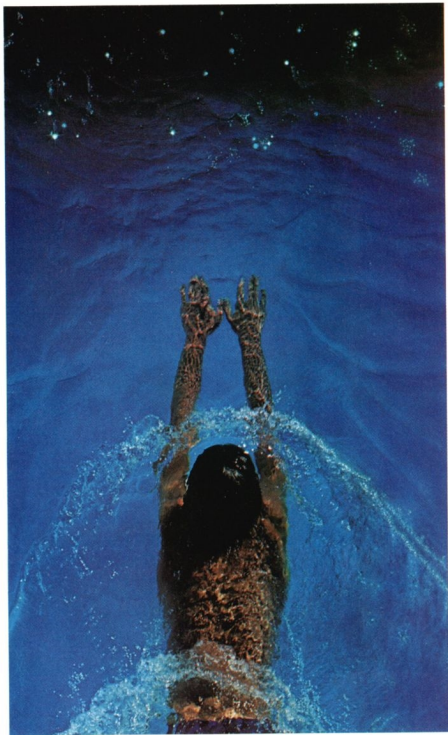
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World

many of our young people believe they can glimpse a paradise through the fence." But many are genuinely disaffected. Says a Potsdam pastor: "They cannot be put down as mere slaves of consumerism. They want to make a fresh start somewhere. Many feel they simply cannot realize their personal goals here."

Fear of an explosion of discontent may have persuaded Honecker to open the gates a little. "A few months ago, you could have cut the mood here with a knife," says a Western diplomat in East Berlin. "The whole thing smacks of crisis management." But the exodus also enhances Honecker's image across the border as a more benign, if not exactly popular, patriarch who is willing to take risks for the sake of détente. Explains a West German official: "Honecker knows the road to other West European capitals goes through Bonn."

Yet the majority of East Germans prefer to stay behind. Applying for permission to emigrate can lead to immediate dismissal from work, without compensation. Many also know from West German TV that finding a job on the other side, where the unemployment rate is 9.6%, is not easy. The pastor of an East Berlin church pleaded with his congregation to stay, arguing that "anyone who cannot be a Christian here will not be able to be one somewhere else." Many members of the East German artistic community fear that leaving would only be a step back for them and prefer to stay on as "internal émigrés."

The Communist regime has responded to the growing sense of dislocation by appealing to German nationalism and the past glories of Prussia and Saxony. At least 80 local artists and 400 craftsmen have spent four years and \$120 million meticulously restoring the Semper Opera in Dresden, which was destroyed in an Anglo-American fire bombing raid in 1945. The famous equestrian statue of Frederick the Great that graced the Unter den Linden until World War II has returned to its pedestal like an old piece of furniture reclaimed from the attic and restored to its proper place. The sudden fascination with Frederick is the subject of a comedy titled *The Prussians Are Coming*, which is playing, appropriately enough, in Potsdam, where the King once held court.

The Marxist regime has rehabilitated Protestant



Members of the government-sponsored Free German Youth in Potsdam

Reformer Martin Luther, but the Lutheran Church, to which 30% of East Germans belong (8% are Catholic), has not fared so well. No more than a tenth of those baptized are still active in congregations. Christian children are often barred from higher education, except when they are members of elite groups, such as the boys' choir at the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig, where Bach once served as music director. State employees are expected to be atheists. Jobs in teaching, the courts, or the military are automatically out of bounds for believers. The historic Friedrichskirche, a squat brick church with pointed steeple that Frederick the Great built in Potsdam, seats 900 people, but no more than 150 parishioners attend Sunday services.

In an effort to adjust to the church's changing role in society, teachers at the Lutheran seminary in Wittenberg now train younger ministers to place less emphasis on church attendance. Instead, they are encouraged to be "inkeepers" who welcome guests to visit for beer, a snack—and open conversation. Generally, Lutheran clerics prefer to remain apolitical. Stephan Flade, a young minister with six generations of Lutheran clerics in his family, supported the "plow-

shares" movement, but he has reservations about the church's role. Says he: "I would not want to be pastor in a church as politically powerful as Poland's. Our church must remain powerless. Except when terror reigns."

East German artists have also had to adapt. The regimentation they have experienced has inspired images that speak powerfully to East Germans. In one painting by Leipzig artist Wolfgang Mattheuer, a modern Icarus with gossamer wings struggles to fly above healthy, ordered garden plots, where most of his neighbors are too busy to notice. A statue by Mattheuer offers a more telling glimpse of the dilemma that East Germans face. A frightened man, his face creased with worry, is shown removing a mask shaped like a sheep's head. But, as the East German artist explains, "he is just as ready to put it back on."

East Germans have had it drummed into them that they are citizens of the German Democratic Republic, a nation as distinct from West Germany as are two other German-speaking nations, Austria and Switzerland. But after 40 years of division the yearning to transcend the ideological boundaries that divide East and West Germany is still strong. Ulrich Plenzdorf, an East German novelist and playwright whose works sell on both sides of the Wall, argues that "no matter how many adjectives the system may use to describe itself, the 'German' remains." When a West German border guard once asked Leipzig Painter Bernhard Heisig how long he intended to stay in "Germany," Heisig promptly replied, "I never left it."

In one sense that may be true. But such talk of a unified Germany, however vaguely expressed, still causes anxiety on



Leipzig Artist Wolfgang Mattheuer with his painting of a modern Icarus
A desire to travel has replaced the obsession with food, clothes and housing.

a continent where the war is all too clearly remembered. Says Bishop Albrecht Schönherr, who was the leader of the East German Lutheran Church until he retired 2½ years ago: "We should not frighten people in the East and West again with a new quest for national unity, and finally accept the consequences of a war we instigated with all its horrors." The 800 miles of tank traps, minefields and barbed wire that still separate East from West are a constant reminder that in political terms there are, and for the foreseeable future there will be, two Germans. ■

Space



With the ailing Solar Max secure in Challenger's weightless workshop, Astronauts Nelson and Van Houten make repairs and history

Capturing an Errant Satellite

Challenger's astronauts complete a historic repair mission

Trailing streaks of vaporized gas, with the dawn light glinting on its white thermal coating, space shuttle *Challenger* swooped over the sun-baked mountains of California's Mojave Desert late last week for a perfect, centerline landing. Indeed, the touchdown was what shuttle pilots approvingly call a WOW WONG (weight on wheels, weight on nose gear). As the 98-ton orbiter rolled to a stop on the seven-mile-long, hard-baked desert runway at Edwards Air Force Base, mission control radioed a heartfelt "Welcome back!"

The finale of the shuttle's eleventh and most ambitious mission was supposed to have taken place at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, site of the launch. But just as Shuttle Commander Bob Crippen and his crew prepared to descend from orbit and end their seven-day, more-than-2 million-mile flight, storm clouds began gathering near Cape Canaveral, complicating *Challenger's* descent. The California touchdown will force NASA to transport *Challenger* back across the U.S. to Florida and will add hundreds of thousands of dollars to the cost of the mission. The trip across the continent will delay Shuttle Mission 12, scheduled for June 19, by a week or more.

But those problems were largely forgotten as *Challenger's*

five-man crew stepped down the ramp from their cabin into the 42° desert morning. The focus was still on their historic achievements. Shuttle Mission 41-C had written a new and vital chapter in the use of the space vehicle and confirmed the ability of astronauts and sophisticated machinery to work in on-site weightlessness.

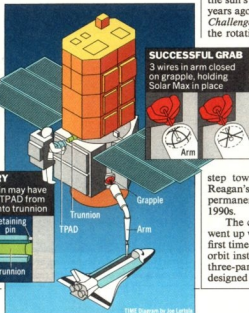
The voyage may have ended in triumph, but its early stages were marred by uncertainties: a critical hardware failure; a dangerously wobbling satellite; minute-by-minute calculations of depleted fuel; and a pulse-pounding race against dying batteries that threatened to set back the space program's future.

NASA's carefully detailed script for the mission was showy but simple. Its highlight was to be a free-floating walk in space to retrieve the ailing Solar Maximum Mission satellite (Solar Max). Sent aloft to monitor the sun's activity, Max broke down three years ago, after only ten months in orbit. *Challenger's* mission last week was to stop the rotation of Max, use the spacecraft's

50-ft. remote-controlled arm to lift the satellite into the ship's cargo bay, and set it back in orbit after repairs were made.

The celestial service call, if successful, would mean a saving of \$185 million over the cost of replacing Max. It would be a technical and psychological boost for NASA's program of future maintenance on other orbiting machinery and a giant step toward fulfilling one of President Reagan's commitments: to construct a permanent U.S. space station by the early 1990s.

The curtain for the 106½-orbit flight went up with a glitch-free lift-off. For the first time, *Challenger* hurtled directly into orbit instead of making the conventional three-part ascent. The line climb was designed to save the craft's maneuvering



FAILED TRY

Retaining pin may have obstructed TPAD from clamping onto trunnion



SUCCESSFUL GRAB

3 wires in arm closed on grapple, holding Solar Max in place



rocket fuel for the tricky rendezvous with Max.

On their second day in space, *Challenger's* crew deployed an eleven-ton, school bus-size cylinder that contained 57 experiments contributed by nearly 200 scientists in nine countries. That device, called a long-duration exposure facility, will remain in space until it is hauled in by a shuttle vehicle next February. It will gather data on how such materials as shrimp eggs, tomato seeds and plastics fare in space. It will also take samples of interstellar gas to learn more about the evolution of the universe. Inside the spacecraft another, more active scientific venture was also going on. In a test devised by a Tennessee college student, more than 3,000 honeybees were sent aloft in a special container to determine the effects of weightlessness on the construction of hives.

Day 3 was more dramatic. Mission Commander Crippen, 46, a three-flight shuttle veteran, gently juggled *Challenger* to within 200 ft. of Solar Max. George ("Pinky") Nelson, 33, an astronomer and high school athlete who was once offered a contract by the Minnesota Twins, then donned the \$10 million manned maneuvering unit (MMU), the Buck Rogers-style jet backpack tested on last February's mission, to retrieve the crippled Max. His unentertained ride seemed agonizingly slow. It took him 10 min. to traverse the 200 ft. from the open cargo bay across the reach of black vacuum. The short journey was historic: an unleashed spaceman going to work in orbit.

The script called for Nelson to float to within arm's reach of Max's 7-ft.-long, windmill-like solar array panels and fire the minijets on his MMU to match Max's spin of one revolution every 6 min. Using a trunnion-pin attachment device (TPAD), a hollow canister-shaped mechanism strapped like a huge belly button to the chest of his suit, Nelson would gently bump the 5,000-lb. satellite's protruding trunnion pin (installed for just such a rescue). Three rubber-coated, spring-loaded jaws in Nelson's TPAD were supposed to snap like a mousetrap, firmly locking Max's trunnion into place.

The device refused to work. "O.K., the jaws didn't fire that time," Nelson radioed after his first attempt. Twice more, with increasing force, he banged against Max without results (TPAD has no manual trigger for an astronaut to operate). Nelson's efforts turned the gentle wobble of Solar Max, whose inoperable attitude controls had been shut down as a precaution by its ground controllers, into a precarious, crazy cartwheel. Radioed a frustrated Crippen: "Is there any way that you think you can do it with your hands?"

Nelson grabbed one of the solar array panels, but the movement made Max tumble even faster and more erratically. With

the MMU's nitrogen propellant half exhausted and *Challenger* down to a fifth of its own reserves of forward-thruster fuel—close to the bare minimum needed to rescue an astronaut in free flight—Crippen ordered Nelson to return. Inside *Challenger's* cockpit, Mission Specialist Terry Hart, 37, tried three times to snake the remote-controlled mechanical arm past the panels to snatch the satellite, but it remained tantalizingly out of reach. Said Crippen: "We came close that time, but no cigar."

At Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland, ground controllers worked furiously to stabilize Solar Max. For 36 hrs. their labors seemed to be fruitless. The problem: the errant satellite's solar-energy panels were in long periods of shadow, and its batteries were dying. Scientists shut down nearly all of its systems to conserve dwindling

energy. Finally, with only 5 min. to go before Max's batteries went dead, the satellite's computer responded to a new set of ground instructions that pointed the panels toward the sun. Frank Cepollina, Solar Max repair chief, said later of the good fortune, "Maybe we had a little divine intervention up there."

The stabilization worked so well that Max stood virtually still in its orbit. But this posed another dilemma: *Challenger* did not have enough fuel to maneuver around Max if the grappling fitting was on the far side of the satellite. Goddard Center scientists coaxed Max into a slow spin of one revolution every 12 min. Crippen and Pilot Dick Scobee, 44, flying head down,

closed to within 30 ft. of the infirm satellite.

For an anxious 6 min., *Challenger* was out of radio and television contact. While ground control waited tensely, Hart snagged Max on the first attempt by crooking the Canadian-built mechanical arm at its "elbow," slipping a sleeve over Max's grapple fixture (see diagram) and securing the coupling with three crossed-wire loops. As *Challenger* burst into radio contact again over the Indian Ocean, Crippen announced, "O.K., we've got it!" While Hart secured Max on a platform in the cargo bay, weary NASA controllers in Houston, Florida and Maryland broke into cheers. Said one technician: "Can you

believe it? We're back with the script." To which NASA Capsule Communicator Jerry Ross added, "Outstanding!"

President Reagan telephoned his congratulations. To Hart, the President said, "Terry, you made one long reach for man this morning." And he joked to Veteran Crippen, "Bob, I understand that the satellite you have on board would cost \$200 million at today's prices. If you can't fix it up there, would you mind bringing it back?"

That planned-for contingency proved unnecessary. On Day 6 of the journey, after being awakened by the *Rocky* theme, Nelson and James ("Ox") van Hoften, 39, a former fighter pilot, set to work on Max. Van Hoften replaced Max's 500-lb., 4-ft.-square attitude-control module. Working through several sunrises and sunsets, his boots set in a footplate on the remote-controlled arm, Van Hoften employed a special \$100,000 power wrench to loosen bolts. Then the astronauts cut through the polyester fiber insulation, removing 28 tiny screws in order to replace Max's main electronic box. "I lost two screws," Nelson radioed. "One went over the tail."

Nelson's main chore was to repair the interior of the main electronic box. He also installed a vent baffle in a Solar Max machine that measures solar flare emissions. All the work was done in half the planned time, delighting NASA observers. Van Hoften even found time to whiz playfully around in the cargo bay with his MMU. Mission Control finally radioed, "It's time for Jim-Boy and Pinky to come in and wash their hands for dinner."

Challenger's crew had dubbed themselves the "Ace Satellite Repair Co." and even sported T-shirts carrying that logo during a TV interview in *Challenger's* cabin. After the satellite was tested from the ground, Crippen and his colleagues released the revitalized Max, which will stay in orbit until about 1991. The satellite, however, could not be carried to a higher elevation, which would have added another year to its life. The shuttle had too little fuel for the maneuver.

★ ACE ★
SATELLITE
REPAIR
CO.



Nelson heads for Max; inset, his T shirt tells it all
The jaws should have closed like a mousetrap.

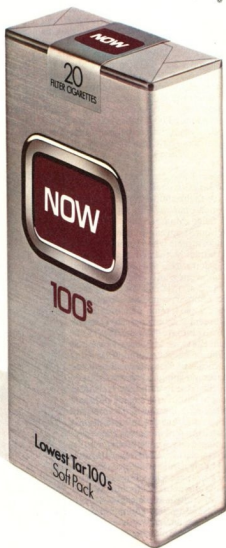
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Religion

John Paul Completes His Team

An African Cardinal gets a top job in a major Vatican reshuffle

Hart, operating the remote-control arm, gently released Max early Thursday. After receiving confirmation that the satellite's systems were working, *Challenger* backed cautiously away. It had to avoid hitting the satellite with its maneuvering jets, which could jiggle Max out of its orbit. In the process of their historic mission, the *Challenger* crew helped set a record: the shuttle's five astronauts, along with six cosmonauts in Soyuz T-11 and Soviet space station Salyut 7, achieved a high mark of eleven men in orbit at one time. (Eight circled the earth last February, five of them on *Challenger's* tenth flight, three in Salyut 7.)

The eight-day Soviet flight, which ended last week with a perfect parachute landing of the capsule 1,500 miles southeast of Moscow, carried the first cosmonaut from India, Rakesh Sharma, 35. * He performed weightless yoga as a possible solution to the vexing problem of space sickness.

For U.S. astronauts, a number of problems remained unsolved. One nagging question: Why did the critical TPAD fail despite rigorous ground and space tests? At week's end the evidence was inconclusive, but experts speculated that a less-than-1/2-in. pin used to secure Max's insulating blanket might be the villain. Early simulations did not include the pin, which was set in place an inch away from the trunion. It may have prevented a solid triggering position for Nelson's TPAD.

Still another problem: Why did NASA not try to capture Max initially with the remote-controlled arm? Some observers speculated that it was simply less dramatic than a space-walk hookup. Not so, insisted NASA officials. At Max's original rotation speed of one revolution every 6 min., they said, an arm attempt was unfeasible: the satellite was rotating far too fast. An astronaut needed to stop the spin with his minijets to effect the arm's ultimate catch. With nothing to lose after Nelson's failed attempt, the decision was made to try the 50-ft. grabbing device.

Despite its glitches and problems, there was little doubt that Mission 11 was a striking success. Said ground control to the crew: "Just call it a super mission." NASA is already lining up additional repair orders. Landsat 4, the \$250 million earth-resources system sent into space two years ago, has developed power-generating problems. NASA says it is also ready to handle the retrieval and repairs of the two \$75 million communications satellites, which strayed from the Mission 10 launching in February, if their owners ask for it. Says Solar Max Repair Chief Cepollina: "The era of the throwaway satellite is over." —By J.D. Reed.

Reported by Jerry Hamblin and David S. Jackson/Houston

*Washington and Peking last week reached a tentative agreement to send China's first spaceman aloft on a future U.S. shuttle mission. There have been meetings between NASA and Peking officials to pull the plan into effect. The program will probably be announced next month on President Reagan's trip to China.

It would be difficult not to be charmed by Bernardin Cardinal Gantin. Trim and tall (6 ft. 2 in.) and a youthful-looking 61, the churchman from the small West African country of Benin has emerged during the past 13 years as one of the most engaging personalities on the often austere Vatican staff. Ever ready to flash an

infectious grin or pump a stranger's hand, he has even managed to upstage Pope John Paul during a papal visit to Benin two years ago, it was Gantin who received the most rousing cheers from one welcoming crowd. John Paul's increasing trust in his African aide was acknowledged last week when Gantin, in a major reshuffle of the papal staff, was promoted to one of three most important posts in the Vatican.

As the new prefect of the Congregation for Bishops, Gantin has the power to nominate, subject to the Pope's approval, new bishops for most of the world. He is the first black prelate ever to head a major Vatican office. For good measure, the Pope summoned another African, Archbishop Francis Arinze of Nigeria, to run the Vatican Secretariat for non-Christians, one of the second-echelon offices in the bureaucracy.

These were but two of 17 changes made by John Paul in his most thorough shake-up to date of the church's powerful administrative body, the Curia—moves that Italian newspapers described as "il terremoto" (the earthquake). In doing so, the Pope further weakened the traditional influence of Italians on Roman Catholicism's bureaucratic machinery. When the Second Vatican Council began in 1962, twelve of 16 Curia offices were headed by Italians; as a result of the latest moves, 16 out of 22 are now headed by foreigners. There are rumors that the Pope is planning an even more radical overhaul of the Curia to increase its responsiveness to the Church's diverse millions and to

modernize its administrative methods. Says one prelate: "The Pope has warned the Curia that if members don't take their jobs seriously, they might find themselves without one."

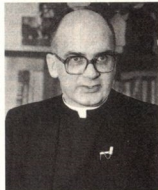
One American churchman moved up in the reshuffle. Monsignor John P. Foley, 48, editor of Philadelphia's official archdiocesan weekly, the *Catholic Standard and Times*, was named head of the Pontifical Commission for Social Communications, thereby becoming, in effect, the Vatican's top information officer.

But Illinois-born Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, once regarded as a prime candidate for Cardinal, was passed over for promotion in a reorganization of the Curia office that runs the Vatican City administration. Marcinkus, who also heads the Vatican bank, remains under a cloud because of the bank's dealings with scandal-ridden Banco Ambrosiano. John Paul also made a major change in removing himself as direct ruler of the Vatican City government in order to stress his role as Catholicism's spiritual leader. The new administrator: Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, who is second only to the Pope in the Vatican hierarchy.

John Paul now has his own men running all of the key Curial offices. Noting that Cardinal Gantin is the first non-Italian to run the Congregation for Bishops, a progressive Vatican watcher observed, "For the first time, bishops of the world will be chosen without the influence of Italian traditionalism." Perhaps so, but last week's administrative reform was hardly a triumph for liberals. Two prelates picked for other leading posts were Archbishops Jean Jerome Hamer of Belgium and Augustin Mayer of West Germany. Both have reputations as theological conservatives who share the Pope's concern about requiring more discipline of priests and nuns.



Gantin: a big promotion



Foley: information chief



Economy & Business

Letting Loose Some Monsters

The breakup of the phone system has so far produced mainly problems

When the Bell System was broken up on New Year's Day, no one expected immediate technological or managerial miracles. In that sense, no one has been disappointed. Nearly four months after Bell was turned into a new American Telephone & Telegraph and seven regional holding companies responsible for local phone service, the rewards of divestiture remain chiefly a promise, while the problems are as complex and acute as ever.

Many Americans seem to feel dismay over the whole breakup and are irritated by changes that are mainly small but still inconvenient. Says retired Salesman Jack Reiss, 83, of Harrisburg, Pa.: "I don't know why they broke up Ma Bell, but I wish they would put it back together." Concurs Larry Mixon, district manager for Southern Bell in Florida: "Human beings don't like change. They have a problem adjusting."

A T & T shareholders will get a chance to voice their opinions on divestiture in Milwaukee this week at the company's first annual meeting since the breakup. Stockholders are expected to confront Chairman Charles Brown with a sorry list of woes. Those will include declining service, the company's rapidly shrinking share of the \$44 billion long-distance market (in the face of gains by competitors such as MCI Communications and GTE Sprint), weakened revenue and earnings projections for 1984, and the performance of the new company's stock since November, down 20% to a near low of 15% last week.

The most immediate effect consumers are seeing after divestiture is new phone bills. Gone is the fairly simple bill of a couple of pages. Arrived is a complicated statement that can run to twelve pages and seems to require advice of counsel.

Phone-company officials report that an odd psychology appears to have devel-

oped among users of America's 183 million telephones. If anything goes wrong now, they blame it on divestiture. Says Illinois Bell's Patricia Montgomery: "A woman called to complain about some problems, which were caused by water seeping into the system. No amount of explaining could convince her that it was because of a wet cable, not divestiture." Another Illinois customer grouched that the phone company was "driving up the cost of service," when in fact his most recent local-service bill was \$21.93, only \$8 more than last September's.

The complaining seems to have crested in some areas. Calls have fallen off sharply to many of the local operating companies' "let's talk" lines, which were begun last year to explain the twists and turns of the breakup. Nonetheless, since the first of the year the Federal Communications Commission has received 14,000 letters of complaint about phone service, 400% more than usual. Biggest gripe: slowness in installing new lines. The central message in most of the mail has less to do with actual shortcomings than with a changing attitude toward the phone company. Says an FCC staffer: "People feel the phone company is less friendly. If the new companies squander the service image that A T & T gave them, it will be very expensive to rebuild."

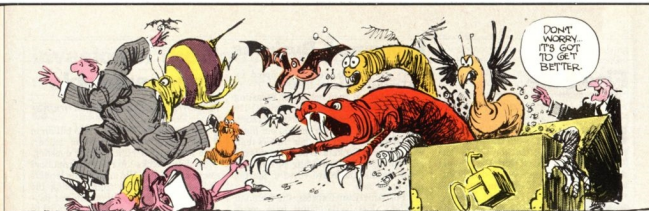
Service problems are showing up in urban areas, most intensely in New York City, particularly for business customers. Officials of both A T & T and NYNEX, the holding company for phone operations in New York and most of New England, acknowledged to the FCC in March that service to New York City's corporate customers has declined, but said they intend to bring it back to normal levels by July. With a backlog of 20,000 orders, there is now a wait of up to six weeks for high-vol-

ume discount wide-area telecommunications service (WATS) lines and 800 numbers, vs. five to 15 days last year.

True to predictions by many experts, telephone rates have gone up, by an average of 37%, since divestiture, says the FCC. Price increases by Bell Atlantic, the holding company for telephone operations in six Eastern states and the District of Columbia, are typical. Its flat-rate charge for phone service jumped nearly 30% in Pennsylvania, the lowest monthly rate rising from \$9.60 to \$12.28. It has begun installing message-unit service in some areas, basing tolls on time and distance of calls. The company increased pay-phone charges from a nickel to 15¢ in the District of Columbia, and from a dime to 25¢ in Delaware and Virginia. It increased directory-assistance charges throughout its area, ranging up to 35¢ in Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Not all the rate changes were increases. Significantly, Bell Atlantic has lowered some charges for urban users while raising them in suburban and rural areas, where the costs of providing service are higher. That is an example of de-averaging, a new way of pricing within a diverse geographic area. Urban users traditionally paid more for their service than it actually cost the phone company to provide it. This was to keep prices down for people in outlying areas. The goal now is to make users pay more of the true costs of the service they use. Robert Valentini, Bell Atlantic's assistant vice president for regulatory affairs, calls it a "usage-sensitive pricing policy." Says he: "We can no longer afford prices to be driven by social engineering while ignoring true costs."

Further price hikes for phone services are probably on the way. New York Tele-



phone has asked for a \$775 million rate increase, including a rise for pay-phone calls from 10¢ to 30¢. Fees for all sorts of services usually taken for granted, or not thought of at all by ordinary users, may go up sharply. A house visit to install a phone would go from \$10 to \$12. The connection to the central office would jump from \$25 to \$50. Inside-wire hookup would go from \$28.50 to \$36, and phone-jack installation from \$9 to \$14. In addition, the company wants 1½%-a-month interest on bills not paid within 30 days.

State regulators are caught between a public that wants rates to stay down and telephone companies that insist they need price increases. Raising telephone rates for any reason, however rational, is an act with potential political consequences. Moreover, determining "true cost" is difficult, since the phone companies and the regulators disagree on the elements that go into it. Regulators cannot lightly reject requests for more money, because the phone companies must now earn a competitive rate of return on capital to attract investors. Says John Arcate, NYNEX's director of regulatory matters: "Regulators are more important to us than they ever were because we need regulators to recognize that we must recover capital faster. This is the political tightrope."

Richard Kessel, executive director of the New York State consumer-protection board, scoffs at that. Says he: "Most of New York Tel's costs are due to the divestiture, and it is unfair to try to stick consumers with the costs. We did not ask for the breakup." Says Sylvia Siegel, the director of the San Francisco-based group TURN (Toward Utility Rate Normalization): "It's a mess. In fact, it's a holy mess. The telephone companies are using divestiture as an excuse to get all the price increases they ever wanted."

This week's A T & T annual meeting is expected to take a look at the company's future outside the phone business. Under the divestiture agreement, A T & T is able to go into such new fields as computers and data processing. On display will be the six new minicomputers that A T & T introduced last month. There is a growing conviction among industry watchers, however, that the company will not soon be able to compete successfully. In computers, for example, Wall Street experts generally be-

lieve that A T & T will be outstripped by the superior salesmanship of IBM and Digital Equipment. Says Jennifer Proga, an analyst at Shearson/American Express: "A T & T's sales force does not leave one inspired."

A T & T profits in the next few years will depend more on its old phone business than its new computers. Critical to the company are oft-delayed flat fees for long-distance service, called access charges, that were to go into effect in January but have been stalled by the Government until next year. Says Analyst Mark Luftig of Salomon Bros.: "A T & T's most immediate problem is two words: access charges." Those fees, ranging from \$2 for individuals to \$6 for small-business users with only one line, would have given \$3.5 billion to local phone companies to offset the loss of subsidies from long-distance tolls that they had received from A T & T before the breakup.

The plan seems to its proponents to be a reasonable way of making up for at least part of the loss to local companies of the

long-distance subsidies. In an attempt to get the access charges approved, the company has offered to cut long-distance rates by more than 10%, but congressional opposition is strong. Access charges even to larger businesses, scheduled for June, may also be delayed.

While A T & T is expected to announce this week that earnings in 1984 will be down from last year's level, the new operating companies are doing nicely. Ameritech, which wires the industrial Midwest, and Southwestern Bell both announced their first set of first-quarter earnings last week: \$257.6 million for Ameritech and \$205 million for Southwestern—about on target with projections made before the breakup. Their chief executives were encouraged. Said Chairman William Weiss: "Ameritech is off to a fine start as a new enterprise." Unfortunately, the same thing cannot be said for the U.S. telephone system. —By John S. DeMott.

Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Don Winbush/Chicago

A Touch of Tomorrowland

The new Hilton hotel at Walt Disney World Village in Lake Buena Vista, Fla., has telephones that would fit into Disney's Tomorrowland. With 35 buttons instead of the standard twelve, the UTX Five Star phones do a lot more than just give a dial tone. As in many hotels, guests can press different buttons on the phone for food, a bell captain, a maid, the valet service or medical aid. But they can also hit other buttons to adjust the temperature setting, change the speed of the fan and switch channels on the TV. If a guest forgets to bolt the door, a red light appears on the phone. Each unit is connected to a smoke detector, and if a fire breaks out, the phone automatically alerts the hotel's security desk. The staff can then broadcast evacuation instructions to all guests through speakers in the phones.

The phones, which are made by United Technologies, occasionally malfunctioned when the hotel opened late last year. The general manager once pushed a button to speak to his secretary. Within minutes, the director of housekeeping popped in to tell him his conversation was being broadcast to every room on the fifth floor. But guests report that the system is working fine now. Says John Genzano, a Philadelphia computer programmer, who was honeymooning last week at the hotel: "This is the neatest thing in the world. Everything you need runs from the telephone."



Economy & Business

Fire Sale

A buyer for Lehman Brothers

In its no-pictures, print-only television commercials, Shearson/American Express calls itself the stockbroker for the "serious investor." Last week the firm did some serious investing of its own. Only ten days after he had read in FORTUNE that Wall Street's Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb might be for sale, Shearson Chairman Peter A. Cohen, 37, signed an agreement to buy the old-line investment banker for \$360 million. The combined companies will be known as Shearson Lehman/American Express.

The deal adds some important new aisles to the financial supermarket that American Express is assembling and brings an abrupt end to the 134-year-old history of Lehman Brothers as an independent investment banker. Founded in Montgomery, Ala., in 1850 by three immigrant brothers from Bavaria, Lehman Brothers moved its main office to New York City after the Civil War and soon established itself as a major investment firm. It helped finance such struggling young companies as Sears, Roebuck and Pan American World Airways, and one of its partners, Herbert Lehman, served as Governor of New York State and in the U.S. Senate.

During the past few months, however, Lehman Brothers has been roiling. A split over management and pay policies developed between its investment bankers, who manage the firm's traditional corporate business, and its traders, who buy and sell stocks and bonds. Three key banking partners have left, and others have reportedly been threatening to pull out. The remaining partners feared that more defections might be on the way.

The turmoil at Lehman Brothers was caused by Chairman Lewis Glucksman, 58. Glucksman is an uncompromising competitor who gets to the office each day before 6 a.m. He joined the firm in 1963 after working as an arbitrageur with A.G. Becker, a stock brokerage. Eventually, he moved into securities trading and built it into one of Lehman's most profitable areas, at the same time making a reputation for himself as a sharp, shrewd analyst of financial markets.

Last May Glucksman was appointed co-chief executive with Chairman Peter Peterson, 57. A polished corporate diplomat and Commerce Secretary during the Nixon Administration, Peterson was well respected on Wall Street, but Glucksman hankered for his job. Said he: "This firm has been my life, and I had just one ambition—to run it." In July Glucksman went to Peterson and told him that he wanted the top job for himself. Publicly denying that there was any friction between the two men, Peterson obligingly stepped aside and took with him a financial settlement estimated to be \$15 million. Glucks-

man's nervy initiative was accepted by the Lehman board after the fact.

Glucksman then set about recasting Lehman Brothers in his own image. He appointed as president another trader, Robert Rubin. The two handed out higher year-end bonuses to other traders than to investment bankers. When partners began pulling out and trading profits suddenly shrank, the board voted to put the firm up for sale.

For American Express, the Lehman Brothers deal is the latest in a series of dramatic acquisitions. After buying Shearson in 1981 for \$930 million, it purchased part of the international banking operations of the Geneva-based Trade Development Bank Holding in 1983 for about \$550 million and paid more than \$700 million earlier this year for Investors Diversified Services, a mutual fund and



Combative Chairman Lewis Glucksman

Losing the firm that had once been his life.

insurance firm with headquarters in Minneapolis. However, some of its acquisitions have proved troublesome. Profits from Fireman's Fund Insurance, which was purchased for nearly \$500 million in 1968, fell 88% in 1983, to \$30 million.

Lehman Brothers is expected to be a neater fit. Its investment banking and securities trading operations complement Shearson/American Express's strengths in stock brokerage. The deal also gives American Express added firepower in the battle for national supremacy for all types of financial services against such other giants as Citicorp, Merrill Lynch and Sears.

While Glucksman will only be a consultant to the new company, he will not walk away empty-handed from the firm that has been his life. When his 4% share of Lehman is sold to American Express, he stands to make an estimated \$13 million.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III

Reported by Adam Zagorin/New York

Unaccountable

Argentina's messy bankbooks

Is Argentina \$37 billion or \$43 billion in debt? Last week Argentine leaders were asking that billion-dollar question. Only three weeks after an international rescue squad of public and private lenders had saved Argentina from missing the deadline for a \$500 million interest payment, that country's finances appeared to be a more confusing mess than ever.

Buenos Aires conceded last week that it does not even know exactly how much the country owes. Official estimates over the past year have ranged from a low of \$37 billion to a high of \$43 billion. In an effort to determine the true amount, some 100 civil servants are combing through 6-ft.-high stacks of records at the central bank in Buenos Aires. So cluttered has that building become that the searchers have been forced to expand into new quarters next door.

Much of the confusion is due to the military government that ruled Argentina from 1976 until last year. Says Héctor Valle, who served on a commission that has been probing the debt question: "What happened was, of course, that the former regime didn't keep any close reckoning of what it spent." Among the sketchily recorded outlays was an estimated \$5 billion used for the 1982 Falklands war. Earlier disbursements of nearly \$6 billion may have been lavished on such items as procurement of military hardware and the movement of troops. Adding to the confusion is the fact that Argentines may have quietly shifted up to \$20 billion, including sums borrowed from foreign lenders, into bank accounts in the U.S., Switzerland and elsewhere.

American bankers, who believe that Argentina owes around \$46 billion, are professing little concern over the country's bookkeeping mess. "Each bank knows exactly what it is owed," said one New York moneyman. He added, "You've got a lot of people doing the job for the first time down there, and it will just take a while to sort out." Bankers point out that Venezuela (estimated debt: \$34 billion) also has untidy bookkeeping, but Mexico (\$85 billion) and Brazil (\$96 billion) have much better records.

Last week some unexpected details of Argentina's eleventh-hour rescue became known. It was revealed that officials of the U.S. Federal Reserve assured private lenders that the \$100 million they contributed to the bailout would be repaid. The Federal Reserve told banks that Argentina had more than that amount on deposit with it and that those funds would be used to pay off the loan. Given that indirect guarantee, the private banks charged an interest rate that was only one-eighth of a percentage point more than what they charge one another on loans. ■

Invasion of the Body Snatchers

Companies searching for talent create a boom for headhunters

Bruce Dahltop, a 46-year-old financial consultant, was relaxing in his Geneva, Ill., home one Friday evening, when the executive recruiter phoned. Would Dahltop consider a job as president of a Midwestern bank? The caller wanted to know. That unexpected opportunity was too good to refuse. Dahltop could fulfill a long-standing desire to run a bank and also boost his six-figure pay by more than one-third. He soon took the job.

Dahltop is among a growing number of managers being approached by executive-search firms. With the economy rebounding, companies are hunting hard for proven talent, and creating a boom for the 1,500 or so firms that are in the business of finding it. "The recruitment spree is further evidence that the recovery is moving faster than most businesses anticipated," says Lester Korn, chairman of Los Angeles-based Korn/Ferry International, the world's largest executive recruiter. "Last year was our best since 1977, and 1984 should be even better."

Hiring companies pay headhunters up to one-third of an executive's salary, and so profits for recruiters are also high. Search firms earned some \$1.2 billion in fees last year, or about 20% more than in 1982. Their total earnings could climb to \$1.5 billion in 1984. Says Robert Slater, managing director of U.S. operations for New York City-based Spencer Stuart & Associates: "This is the most significant increase in business that I can recall."

The talent hunt is most frantic at the top. The demand for executives making \$200,000 or more surged 86% last year, according to the Association of Executive Search Consultants. The trade group also found a 37% jump in assignments to find managers for slots paying from \$100,000 to \$200,000. Last month a Korn/Ferry survey of 750 major employers across the U.S. showed an estimated 50% first-quarter increase in the hiring of executives earning more than \$75,000.

Companies making consumer products from computers to packaged foods are the most active in the talent hunt. The buoyant spending tide lifted consumer firms' demand for executives by 33% last year. The financial-services field, meanwhile, recorded a 23% gain. Commercial bankers have been in especially short supply. A 32-year-old banker might already be making \$60,000, says David Healey, president of Balch & Watson, a search firm in suburban Minneapolis. "Those individuals can sit at their desks and get calls virtually every day from executive recruiters."

As the competition grows, companies are finding that they must offer increasingly tempting bait to lure top personnel. Executive pay packages climbed some 7% last year, well ahead of the 3.8% inflation rate, and they are expected to climb

as much as 10% this year. Companies in growing industries frequently must offer up to 50% more than an executive's current pay in order to win him. Like star athletes, some job hoppers are receiving onetime bonuses to sign with new companies. These often range from \$25,000 to \$100,000.

Wage considerations alone, however, may not be enough. Says Norman Keider, managing director of the Chicago office of Arthur Young & Co.'s recruitment service: "For an executive with a job already paying \$100,000 and above, salary can be fifth, sixth or even seventh on the priority list. To recruit these executives you have got to show them a job with a challenge." Korn/Ferry did just



Korn's recruitment firm hunted up Ueberroth to run this year's Los Angeles Summer Olympics
Job challenges can be more important than pay packages in luring top executives.

that when it approached Peter Ueberroth, who had been running his own travel agency chain, about becoming president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee for this year's Summer Games. Ueberroth, who will move on to become commissioner of baseball in October, took a salary cut to accept the \$115,000-a-year Olympics job. Says Korn/Ferry President Richard Ferry: "The challenge of putting on a private Olympics for the first time was the selling tool."

A ticklish difficulty for search firms is families in which both the husband and the wife have careers. "This can be a substantial problem for some employers," says John Sibbald, who runs his own firm in Chicago. "Some clients go out of their way to identify opportunities for the recruit's spouse."

Executive searchers are finding that a growing number of managers today sim-

ply do not want the stress and grueling hours that come with top positions. "Senior jobs are more demanding now," says Carl Menk, chairman of Canny, Bowen in New York City. "The risks are higher, and mistakes can be catastrophic. There really are an increasing number of people who don't want to bother."

Other sought-after prospects may refuse to relocate. Henry Higdon, western regional managing director for Russell Reynolds Associates, recalls several recruits who balked at moving from the Midwest to California even though the job would have paid \$360,000 in the first year. "And they would have been in San Francisco," says Higdon, "which is not exactly the pits."

Unlike top executives, those at mid-level are not now frequent targets for headhunters. Demand for middle managers, who typically earn from \$40,000 to \$60,000, dropped 21% last year as compa-

nies continued to pare their white-collar work forces. Today major employers like General Motors are finding little need to rehire the mid-level workers who were laid off during the recession. "A lot of companies have learned how to run effectively without some of the fat," says Dale Schueffner, manager of executive-recruiting services for the Minneapolis office of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

Despite the salary increases or challenges, many people when first approached by a headhunter turn down the proposal. Says Richard Ferry: "Often the reaction is, 'Why should I look at it? I've got everything going for me now. Why should I change direction?'" Recruiters reply that managers should at least listen. They can always say no, and in any case, an unexpected job offer is flattering to an executive ego.

—By John Greenwald.
Reported by Don Winbush/Chicago and Adam Zagorin/New York

Economy & Business

Copacomputer

Brazil's thriving industry

The success story could have come from California's Silicon Valley. Three young, blue-jeans-clad engineers tinkered with computer ideas in a garage and eventually designed a successful desktop machine. Their company, Scopus, grew so rapidly that by 1983 it had sales of \$26 million. But this is not just another California start-up-to-success story. Housed in a modest concrete building, the eight-year-old firm operates out of a rundown industrial neighborhood on the outskirts of São Paulo, Brazil's biggest city.

Scopus is now among the country's largest makers of personal computers and a leader of its remarkable data-processing industry. Despite economic woes that range from a 230% inflation rate to an estimated \$96 billion foreign debt, the Third World's highest, Brazil has managed to become a thriving computer center. More than 100 Brazilian firms turn out microprocessors, terminals, printers and related products, and account for nearly 50% of the \$1.48 billion worth of data-processing equipment that was sold domestically last year. As recently as 1976, not a single locally made computer was on the Brazilian market.

The home-grown industry was spawned by a handful of graduate students and engineering professors, many of whom had studied at leading U.S. universities. Having witnessed the American boom in personal computers, they seized the opportunity to build and sell similar machines in Brazil.

The fledgling designers got a big boost from the government's willingness to bar foreign firms from producing or selling microcomputers and minicomputers in Brazil. Without such a policy, the engineers argued, the domestic computer makers would have no chance to grow. Says Scopus President Edson Fregni, 36: "If you are an ant living next to an elephant, there is always the chance that he might step on you."

Such arguments were persuasive to Brazil's military government. "Everyone began to realize that in the future there would be those countries that were information producers and those that were just consumers," says Colonel Joubert de Oliveira Brizida, director of the Brazilian agency that sets data-processing policy. "We knew we couldn't become a full-fledged member of the international computer club overnight, but we didn't want to be left behind completely."

While they have nurtured domestic manufacturers, the government policies have also helped to jack up the price of Brazilian computers by limiting competition and access to foreign know-how. "By and large, Brazilian micro- and minicomputers are comparable to other machines on the international market," notes Helio



Fregni of Scopus and one of his machines
Rapid growth with the government's help.

Azevedo, president of SUCESU, a nationwide society of computer users. "The problem," he adds, "is that the prices are too high." For example, the latest Scopus machine sells for \$6,000, while a comparably equipped IBM Personal Computer costs \$4,500.

The Brazilian market consists mostly of banks and manufacturers. In a nation in which wages average \$160 a month, few families can afford computers. But the machines are popping up in some unfamiliar places. They help shrimp farmers determine how much feed to use, and the government has begun installing them in the offices of the country's 69 federal Senators. The legislators will use the computers to keep track of everything from the size of last year's soybean crop to the names of the children of their most influential constituents. ■

The Good Life

Where the best jobs are

Hewlett-Packard, the electronics company, owns a dozen vacation spots for its workers to use, including a country house in Japan, a lakeside resort in Scotland and several ski chalets in the German Alps. Hospital Corp. of America pays its employees to keep fit by giving them bonuses for every mile they jog and every lap they swim. Control Data, the computer manufacturer, and Reader's Digest have community gardens on company grounds where employees can grow their own vegetables. And, yes, there is a free lunch, at least for all workers at the Morgan Bank and Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance.

These are some of the perks and quirks of corporate life discovered by Robert Levering, Milton Moskowitz and

Michael Katz, a team of San Francisco business journalists who set out to find the most contented employees in the U.S. They have published their conclusions in a breezy new book for job hunters called *The 100 Best Companies to Work for in America* (Addison-Wesley; \$17.95).

Levering, Moskowitz and Katz started out with a list of 350 companies that were recommended by executive recruiters, management consultants, business-school teachers and other sources. The authors then visited 114 companies that range in size from Celestial Seasonings, the herbal-tea maker, which has 200 workers, to IBM, the largest computer manufacturer, with 218,000 employees. Besides studying company-benefit brochures and interviewing factory workers and executives, the authors poked around cafeterias and corridors listening for candid comments.

The authors did not rank their 100 best companies, but they did choose a Top Ten. In alphabetical order, they are Bell Laboratories, Trammell Crow, Delta Air Lines, Goldman Sachs, Hallmark Cards, Hewlett-Packard, IBM, Northwestern Mutual Life, Pitney Bowes and Time Inc.

Each company is graded on five criteria: pay, benefits, job security, chance to move up and ambience. Goldman Sachs, an investment banker, is one of the best-paying companies. It has a generous profit-sharing plan, and last year gave many employees a year-end bonus of 25% of their salaries. IBM offers such benefits as free physical examinations for those over 35, dental insurance, adoption assistance (up to \$1,000) and two country clubs that employees can join for \$5 a year. Hewlett-Packard provides free coffee and doughnuts twice a day and sometimes throws informal beer busts in the afternoon during working hours. At Trammell Crow, the real estate developer, partners own a stake in the properties they manage. As a result, some 5% of the company's employees are worth more than a million dollars.

Certain characteristics are common to most of the 100 companies. They tend to promote from within rather than hire outsiders. They try not to lay off employees in hard times. Above all, they make workers feel like part of a family. Nowhere is family spirit stronger than at Delta, which has not laid off anyone for nearly 40 years. In 1982 a retiring Delta pilot took out a full-page ad in both the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Journal* (cost: about \$6,400) to declare, "It has been my privilege to work for the finest group of human beings that God has ever created."

The authors admit that their survey is far from infallible. They welcome angry letters from workers who feel that their companies were overrated or overlooked. ■

The 100 Best Companies to Work for in America

Robert Levering, Milton Moskowitz, and Michael Katz



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Behavior

"Some Day, I'll Cry My Eyes Out"

A California case prompts a new awareness of child molestation

For decades she was known as the kindly "Miss Virginia," who ran the best preschool in Manhattan Beach, Calif. Seven years ago the Chamber of Commerce honored her for outstanding community service. Now Virginia McMartin, 76, along with three members of her family, faces charges of child sexual abuse that place her at the center of a monstrous conspiracy.

hearing, but I wonder how a jury will be able to comprehend it," said MacFarlane, 35, who is director of the child-sexual-abuse diagnostic center at the Children's Institute International in Los Angeles.

Children said that rabbits, turtles and a horse were slaughtered in their presence as a scare tactic to keep them quiet. Raymond Buckley, they said, was particularly terrifying, threatening them and occa-

O.K. and not O.K.," says Psychotherapist Miriam Ingebritson of Minneapolis' Family Renewal Center. "When sexual abuse is built into the child's life, he doesn't know what to report."

The Manhattan Beach case is merely the best-publicized of a current batch of child-sex offenses. Among the others:

► A teen-age supervisor at Donna's Day Care Center in Greer, S.C., pleaded guilty to charges of sexually abusing seven boys and girls ages two to eleven.

► A Minnesota family, including parents and grandparents, were convicted in 1981 and 1982 of molesting their own children and others.



Defendants Virginia McMartin, Raymond Buckley and Peggy Buckley in a Los Angeles courtroom: threats, a flare gun and a slaughtered horse

The district attorney says that as many as 125 children, some as young as two, were raped, sodomized and otherwise sexually abused over the past ten years at the McMartin School. Indicted with McMartin were her daughter, Peggy McMartin Buckley, 57; two grandchildren, Peggy Ann, 28, and Raymond, 25; and three McMartin teachers, Betty Raidor, 64, Babette Spittler, 36, and Mary Ann Jackson, 56. Raidor and Spittler entered not-guilty pleas. The rest are due to plead this week.

Last September Raymond Buckley was arrested for molesting one child in Manhattan Beach. Police assured parents that there was "no detrimental information concerning the operation of the school." But when a few parents asked questions about the school, the frightened children reluctantly doled out details. Talking through hand-held puppets to Kee MacFarlane, a child-sex-abuse expert, the youngsters spoke about red liquids and pink pills that made them sleepy; of guns, threats and bondage; of teachers probing them with fingers and children being asked to do the same to teachers. "After six months I can accept what I'm

tionally setting fire to bushes with a flare gun and bragging, "I can do that to any house in Manhattan Beach."

With a videotape rolling to record the stories, MacFarlane used anatomically correct dolls to draw out the details from the children. Two girls, independently, reached for a piece of string, then bound and gagged an undraped doll. Said the father of one: "That's how we knew our daughter had been tied up naked." The father, a law-enforcement official, has been struggling to control himself, but says, "Some day I may focus on what's been done to my little girl and I'll end up in a corner, crying my eyes out."

How could it happen? And how could it have gone on for so long a time? "Terror," says one parent, "and one of the components of terror is guilt. The kids blocked this stuff out of their minds. Psychologically, it was the only way they could deal with it." Parents were too trusting, assuming that separation anxiety was the reason their children cried when dropped off at school. The children were turned into silent accomplices. "Little children have no way of knowing what is

► A Mexican girl in Chicago, age ten, gave birth to a 6-lb. 4-oz. baby. Her uncle and the son of her babysitter were arrested in the case.

► Mark and Karen Molasky, an upper-middle-class couple in a St. Louis suburb, were convicted in 1981 of raping and sodomizing a three-year-old boy.

It is only now beginning to dawn on many authorities that the sexual abuse of children has become a major social problem. Accurate statistics are hard to come by, but in a survey of 930 women in San Francisco, 38% of the group said they had been sexually abused by age 18, and 28% by age 14. In a study of 521 Boston-area families, nearly 10% said their own children had been victims of sex abuse or attempted abuse. Surveys show that only one out of every five or six victims is abused by a total stranger. Most are preyed upon by their father, stepfather, mother's boyfriend or some kind of youth counselor.

incest usually involves a weak, isolated father. In the incestuous family, the mother has often deserted the father sexually and the child emotionally. When a stepfather or boyfriend enters the home, a

daughter can be particularly vulnerable. One study shows that stepfathers are five times as likely as natural fathers to molest a daughter; girls with stepfathers are five times as likely to submit to a friend of the parents'.

One reason that the figures for child molestation by strangers are so much lower is that many pedophiles are patient enough to join youth groups to befriend potential victims. The usual cycle is to build up trust, then violate it. "That's the way it always works," says Houston Police Sergeant Paul Lindsey. "They offer the child a place of refuge, then progress to sexual involvement."

Authorities generally advise parents to spare a sexually abused child the ordeal of a trial, since the chances of conviction are small. All too often, neighbors will troop to the stand to praise the accused. A defense psychiatrist may persuade the jury to dismiss the child's story as fantasy. And the defense attorney can easily intimidate the young witness. Misguided judges play a part too. In Georgia, one jurist dismissed a case when a child said that the defendant had molested her "millions of times," on the ground that the hyperbole had discredited all the youngster's testimony.

In 1980 Ventura County Deputy District Attorney Irv Prager estimated that 95% of those arrested in California on child-sex charges never spend a day in prison. In approximately 30,000 incidents of child molestation in 1979, only 162 offenders were sent to prison or a state mental hospital. Therapy rarely works because the predatory behavior of the molester may become as rigidly structured as an addiction. Pedophiles are often better at impressing compassionate



MacFarlane's puppets helped victims talk

therapists and state-hospital officials than at changing their ways. In 1978 a chronic child molester, Theodore Frank, who had been arrested on 17 child-sex charges in 20 years, was released from California's Atascadero State Hospital because officials believed that his molesting days were over. Six weeks later he brutally raped and killed Amy Sue Seitz, 2½, and he is now on death row in San Quentin.

Parent groups have sprung up to monitor such dismal performance by courts and hospitals. Concerned Citizens for Stronger Legislation Against Molesters (SLAM), founded in 1980 by Amy Sue Seitz's grandmother, pushes for stronger laws and longer sentences. SLAM mem-

bers show up in court for child-sex cases. Their presence, judges know, may lead to stories in the newspapers if a molester is given a slap-on-the-wrist sentence.

Several preventive programs to alert children to the dangers of molesters are under way (see box). And there may be demands for the state to monitor day-care and youth programs to comb out the pedophiles drawn to such employment. Parents, however, must shoulder the principal burden in safeguarding their young. If there are offenders in the family circle, relatives should press for therapy. They would also do well to check thoroughly before turning their children over to a day-care center, scout leader or youth athletic program. And authorities say to watch carefully for danger signs in children: unusual fear or crying, bed-wetting, frequent masturbation, and refusal to communicate with parents.

For victims, the long-term damage can be severe. Many molested children act out their anger and frustration by becoming child molesters themselves in later life. One hallmark of childhood sexual abuse is a lifelong inability to trust or achieve intimacy of any kind.

Researchers are not sure whether statistics on child molestation are climbing because there is more abuse or simply more reporting of incidents. One reliable expectation, however, is that in an age of sexual freedom, more people will act on forbidden urges. "Our society has become more lax about kinky sex," says Patrick Bell, assistant commonwealth attorney for Richmond, Va. "I think people who have repressed this in the past may now feel there is less danger." —By John Leo.

Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

The Message: Hands Off

Spider-Man, TV's Lindsay Wagner, a duck puppet and a character known as Hands-Off Bill are all recent concepts in the campaign to prevent the sexual abuse of children. Their basic message: some kinds of touching are wrong, and the child always has the right to say so.

The 16-page comic book *Spider-Man and Power Pack* was produced by the National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse with the cooperation of Marvel Comics. Lindsay Wagner is one of the performers in *Touch*, a 32-minute film to be shown on Minneapolis television May 1. *Touch*, which has been performed nationally as a play for four years, is the creation of the Minneapolis Illusion Theater, a group that specializes in dramas about child abuse. Among its skits are stories about a baby-sitter who tricks a child into disrobing and a man who fondles his granddaughter.

WBZ-TV, NBC's Boston affiliate, showed a half-hour program last week called *This Secret Should Be Told*, featuring Therapist-Ventriloquist Susan Linn and her two star pup-

pets, a girl duck and a boy lion. The puppets encourage children to "tell a trusted adult" whenever they have been touched in a peculiar way.

Hands-Off Bill is the brainchild of Lloyd Martin, 42, an ex-policeman who headed the sexually-exploited-child unit of police department. Using the voice of a small boy, Bill talks to children on a 30-minute audio tape constructed in the form of a radio show. The tape, along with a workbook, is sold for home use.



Martin and pupils discuss workbook

There are "station breaks," while the young listeners fill out workbook exercises, and scripted phone-in voices of children who talk to Bill about their experiences. Those who complete the workbook can get a certificate that says, "This special person has permission to say no to uncomfortable touching and will tell."

All of Bill's materials are based on the common finding that most would-be abusers back off quickly if a child issues a firm no. One parent told Martin that her five-year-old, a fan of Hands-Off Bill, said no to a baby-sitter who was trying to molest her. The child, added the mother, then showed the workbook to the baby-sitter, who read it and went for therapy.

Show Business



Awards aloft! And so are Nicholson, MacLaine and Brooks after the ceremonies

The Night of the Great Prom

James Brooks' *Terms of Endearment* wins five Oscars

Over the past decade and a half, James Brooks, 43, has made a career out of writing and producing such unpredictable TV comedies as *Taxi* and *Mary Tyler Moore*. But last week, after winning three Oscars for *Terms of Endearment*, the first movie he ever directed, the normally pessimistic Brooks reacted in an uncharacteristically predictable way: he was ecstatic. "I'm nuts," he said. "I'm programmed for about two minutes of joy, and this has been going on for 48 hours."

His own statuettes were for best picture (he co-produced *Terms*), best director and best screenplay adaptation, and two of his picture's stars also came in first. Shirley MacLaine was named best actress for her role as Aurora Greenway, the film's impossible but ultimately likable mother, and Jack Nicholson was chosen best supporting actor for playing Aurora's lecherous astronaut lover. The other major awards at the seemingly endless (a record 3 hr. 46 min.) ceremony went to favorites: Robert Duvall won the best actor Oscar for his role as an alcoholic country singer in *Tender Mercies*; Linda Hunt received the best supporting actress award for playing a male dwarf in *The Year of Living Dangerously*; and *Fanny and Alexander*, the last major feature Ingmar Bergman has said he will ever direct, took the prize for best foreign picture.

The night, however, really belonged to Brooks. In a Hollywood story older than the Oscars themselves, he had been turned down by almost every studio in town before Paramount finally said yes, it would help him make a comedy in which one of the leading characters, Aurora's daughter Emma (Debra Winger), dies of cancer. "The script was always killed with

kindness," says Brooks. "People really liked it but perceived it as a small, dark, emotional comedy. I spent two years telling studio heads that it wasn't a cancer picture. I hate cancer pictures. I don't want to see a cancer picture. There is only one thing worth saying about cancer, and that is that there are human beings in cancer wards."

Brooks thought of his movie (based on the novel by Larry McMurtry) as not dark but very light comedy—humor arising not out of plot but out of the endless vagaries of the human character. "I always felt that if *Terms of Endearment* lives as a comedy, I would be proud. If not, I would be a little lost." Trying to translate that kind of humor onto film was not easy



Director and star conferring on the set
Programmed for two minutes of joy.

however. Brooks tinkered endlessly with his script and added a new romance for Aurora, the Nicholson character who was not in McMurtry's novel. Sometimes he made his actors go through half a dozen takes, with half a dozen different approaches, so that he could choose the version he wanted in the editing room. "Jim wanted his choice of different levels of comedy," says Winger. "It got crazy at times. It was sometimes grueling to get it right."

Despite his years of TV experience, the fledgling director was not totally prepared for moviemaking. Every day, he remembers, "was like walking into a propeller. It was murder. I lived every moment in fear of how bad the picture could be." MacLaine and Winger displayed real mother-daughter tensions, and he performed a delicate balancing act to keep peace on the set. Since much of the film was set in Texas, Brooks, who grew up in New Jersey, spent four months in the Lone Star state, interviewing people who were like his characters. He would write "In search of Emma" on the bathroom mirror of his house in Malibu, then spend a week watching and talking to teen-age girls in River Oaks, the section of Houston where Emma was supposed to have grown up. He would then return to Malibu, think and write about Emma, then take out the Magic Marker again and scribble "In search of Aurora." And off again he would be to Texas.

The result of all that searching was what MacLaine calls Brooks' "sense of truth," and audiences responded. Made for under \$10 million, *Terms of Endearment* has already taken in about \$100 million at the box office and, with five Oscars and the best picture title, will probably go on to make millions more. Although he has no projects lined up, Brooks will doubtless find a warmer reception next time he approaches the studios with an unusual idea.

Right now, however, he is still in a kind of daze. He and his wife Holly held hands and trembled through the whole awards ceremony, he says, and then made the round of parties, ending up at On the Rox, a hip club on Sunset Boulevard, with MacLaine, Winger and Nicholson. "We took a great prom picture on the stairs," he says. "To me it was the great prom picture I never got because I never had the great prom."

Only two days later could he seriously begin to think about how he felt. "This morning I figured it out," he said. "We're all a mix of emotions. But right now what is totally missing from me is anger. I am a man without anger now. Every once in a while I think my mood is going to dip, and then my legs start trembling and the good feeling starts all over again." —By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

People

She was riding a downtown subway in Manhattan at 3 a.m. on Christmas night when a photographer asked her to pose for a picture. Thus began the modeling career of **Lisa Sliwa**, national director of the Guardian Angels civilian vigilante group and wife of Angels Founder **Curtis Sliwa**, 30. Newly signed by the Zoli agency, the Chicago-bred, 5-ft. 9-in., 125-lb. brunette, who says she is 25, still plans to spend her nights riding the city's trains with her husband and thinks her new occupation can help the old. "Most women believe modeling is more feminine than patrolling the subways, so I'll be able to relate to them better,"



Fashion turnstyle: Sliwa as crime stopper, left, and eye-catcher

explains Sliwa. "You don't have to be a gorilla to defend yourself, and you don't have to be a Nerf-brain to be a model." Nor to figure out that a \$2,000-a-day modeling fee can buy a lot of subway tokens.

Boy George, move over. **Joe Namath**, 40, the sexy quarterback turned actor who raised eyebrows ten years ago by donning pantyhose for a TV commercial, has again dropped his pants, so to speak. Last week at a casino in Atlantic City, N.J., he opened in *Sugar*, a musical stage adaptation of the 1959 movie *Some Like It Hot*. Despite his previous experience with nylons,

however, Broadway Joe found dressing like a broad a definite drag. "I tore the first three pair of fishnet stockings I put on," said Namath. He plays Josephine, the saxophone player who poses as a woman in an all-girl band to avoid the Mob and falls in love with Sugar Kane, an all-woman girl played on film by Marilyn Monroe. The show has been doing well, but Namath will pass on a longer run. Come the end of this month, he pledges, "it will be out of pantyhose, into football socks." Wasting no time, on the morning after his closing performance, Namath will be in Connecticut to open a youngsters' football



camp he has helped run for the past five years.

"I love this city. I loved living here and being so close to the seat of power, being part of the political system." It is not hard to guess that the city is Washington, D.C., but the identity of the speaker might come as a surprise to those who thought of **Rosalynn Carter**, 56, as a down-home sort of woman who was never comfortable with the insider preening and cosseting that embroider life in the nation's capital. In town last week to see old friends and attend a signing party for her new book, *First Lady from Plains* (which will be excerpt-



Backfield in motion: Broadway Josephine in *Sugar*

ed in PEOPLE magazine next week), Carter acknowledged, "The social scene is a very important part of political Washington, and we probably should have got involved. But even if Jimmy were ever to come back here, I don't think he would do it differently. It's just not part of his makeup." Perhaps it is part of hers, to judge from her warmth and ease on the book-party circuit. As she wrote at the end of her memoirs, "I would be out there campaigning right now if Jimmy would run again. I miss the world of politics."

During the voting season even pols with a champagne taste find that joining the boys for a little beer and bowling at a place like Milwaukee's Serb Hall makes for a good image and a nice folksy photo opportunity. So it was that last week Vice President **George Bush**, 59, framed by for a few frames while visiting the city for a Republican campaign rally. Bush energetically rolled his first ball—and proceeded to follow it, face first, down the alley. "Mr. Vice President, do you bowl?" catcalled one onlooker. "Can't you tell?" said Mr. Bush, who obviously has something else in mind when he talks about first-strike capability. Bush was proud, though, that foul or no, the ball did catch nine pins. He managed to roll his second ball without a pratfall, but failed to convert the spare. —By Guy D. Garcia

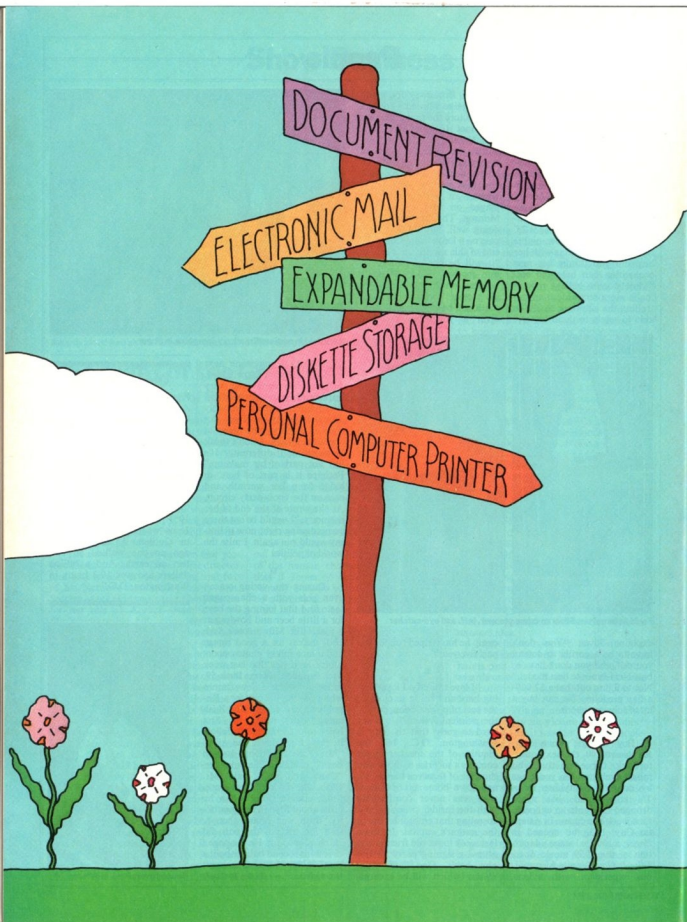
On the Record

Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the U.S.: "Watching this recent campaign has made me a born-again monarchist."

Alexander B. Trowbridge, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, on the size of Government spending: "A billion seconds ago it was 1951. A billion minutes ago Jesus was alive and walking in Galilee. A billion hours ago no one walked on two feet on earth. And a billion dollars ago was 10.3 hours in Washington, D.C."



Bowled over: Bush in Wisconsin



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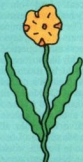
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Living



Claude Montana for fall: postpunk debutantes



Drop-dead swank by Karl Lagerfeld



Buyers and press get their first look at Giorgio

Fall Fashions: Buying the Line

Or, a crash course in chic merchandising madness

Sure, the clothes are beautiful. But there are problems. There are questions.

Will customers understand the Ferré lapel that eases down to the waist and folds over like a scarf? How about that Comme des Garçons dress—is that the armhole or the neckband, and where does all that damned draping go? Do clients want to be elegant and easy with Armani, gilded with Lagerfeld, transported by Miyake to some astral plane where clothes, craft and fine art all cozy up? Do they want to stay with the hard, somber shades of the past few seasons or break loose with the Day-Glo flash of fresh fluorescence? Do they want the newly refined chic of Montana, played down and spiced up like cotillion costumes for postpunk debs? Or the electric, eclectic, aggressively youthful chic of Jean-Paul Gaultier? Or the Olympian chic of Saint Laurent? And—oh, yes. Is Fort Worth really ready for Versace?

The most prominent local emporium, Neiman-Marcus, says no to the last, but to all those other questions their buyers would probably like to have one collective answer. It would be much the same answer that Bloomingdale's or Saks Fifth Avenue or Bergdorf Goodman might give to anyone who asks, and it is an answer that has very little to do with a store's size. Small, sharp, selective boutiques all over the country, from Maxfield in Los Angeles to Alan Bilzerian in Boston, would reply the same way as the behemoth down the block: the customers should want it all.

After a fine frenzy of activity that began in mid-March with designers' fashion shows in Milan and ended 14 days later in Paris, the order books for autumn were finally closed barely two weeks ago. The big boys and the boutiques shoved their way into the same shows and held down desk space in the same sales offices, as they all dropped a bundle and bought the line. Then they all went home to endure the inevitable surprises when the shipments arrive several months later. "There's not a buyer alive," says Neiman-Marcus Senior Vice President Marilyn

Kaplan, "who doesn't look at the apparel, see something and say, 'Did I buy that? I must have been drunk.'"

To minimize such shocks of the new, the refreshment menu at most design sales offices goes easy on the alcohol. Nevertheless, the whole buying process remains a heady, intriguing, enervating and slightly intoxicating business. It can get all tangled up between low math, high fashion and rude stereotyping that becomes a way to identify—indeed, codify—the store's clientele. Bloomingdale's, launching a new addition in southwest Miami this August, is keeping its collective eye on the demographics. "We realize there is a very large Spanish-speaking population, from either Cuba or South American countries," says Bloomingdale's Vice President Kal Ruttenstein. His new store will attempt to appeal with "clothes that might be a little different in coloration—a little more vibrant and also a lot of black."

When David Wolfe of Neiman's went to Rome to buy the extravagant furs that Karl Lagerfeld turns out for Fendi, he and

Armani and Neiman's Kaplan check out a hot blazer



Miyake and masked model show Maxfield's





Armani's new collection in Milan

his assistants practiced a serviceable combination of hard business, constructive gossip and applied technology. Wolfe nixed a deluxe fur that was cut like a pull-over sweater because "we have to consider those big bouffant Texas hairdos. You can't expect clients to have to drag their furs over them." A dyed gray beaver jacket, with collar, pockets and cuffs furrowed like a plowed field, is "ideal for Mrs. Bowling." (All names have been changed to protect the unsuspecting.) "She sure can't say she's got one, and she can't say her mother had one just like it."

"We have to know everything that's going on," Wolfe explains later. "We could be stock-market consultants." In a sense they are, since buyers regulate the flow of merchandise that determines the rise and fall of the fashion index. Wolfe, like more and more buyers from big stores, has his instincts reinforced by computer analyses of past sales. "If we bought 20 furs and sold 20," he says, "then we didn't buy enough. If we bought 20 and sold twelve, we bought too many and the

Dubois-Dumée and Perse a new dress



Bloomingdale's Ruttenstein and Krull with Lagerfeld



A touch of Saint Laurent in the night

remainder have to go on sale. Fifteen out of 20 is about right."

Furs, of course, are just a single, cushy corner of the marketplace. Numbers take on even greater weight closer to the hot center. Consider: a big chain like Bloomingdale's will spend somewhere around \$10 million on designer apparel in Europe; a store like Maxfield, which is probably one-sixtieth the size of the smallest Neiman-Marcus outlet, may be good for \$1 million. (These amounts do not include the budgets for nondesigner or private-label goods, nor do they take into account the money spent in the U.S. when the big-name New York City fashion shows get under way next week.) There were 400 American buyers in Paris who plunked down an estimated \$40 million.



Fancy lapel action by Gianfranco Ferré

Neiman-Marcus left behind 55% of its budget in Paris, 35% in Milan. Using those figures as a general guideline, it is fair to assume that the squadrons of American buyers dropped something near \$75 million on the fashion capitals of Europe this spring.

Two home truths may prove useful at this point. One comes courtesy of the uncrowned duke of drop-dead swank, Karl Lagerfeld: "There's no fashion if nobody buys it." Second are the words of Anne-Marie Dubois-Dumée, who assists Maxfield's owner, Tommy Perse: "We're consumers." Now that that has been cleared up, we can—consumers all—move for a moment right into the heavy duty.

When Perse and Dubois-Dumée spend a day buying the cerebral, sensual extravaganzas of Issey Miyake, the same general rules apply as when Kaplan cases Armani or when Judy Krull checks out Lagerfeld's surprisingly direct and swellegant new line, the first under his own name. In the showroom, armed with order forms, style books, color charts, the buyers, with occasional encouragement and sweet talk from the designers, start to act just like serious shoppers. They pull clothes off racks, hold them up, try them on. Armani's definitive long coats and shorter sexy skirts; his loose, liquid, wool jumpsuits; his jackets with turned-down lapels; his heart-stopping evening wear... heaven on a hanger! Claude Montana's huge coats in electroshock colors; Yohji Yamamoto's sweaters in colors like a deep-sea bottom! Saint Laurent's peerless pants! It is easy enough, in the midst of all this, for any buyer to go nicely nuts. "This is it! This

Living



A model doffs a mask and sports one of Miyake's spectacular jackets in his show

is the end!" said Krull, leaping to her feet at the sight of a black silk jersey, beaded Lagerfeld number. When Ruttenstein inquired just how a woman might go about getting herself into such an elaborate design, Krull answered, "We'll hire somebody to get them into it. It's the most exciting dress in the collection."

Bloomingdale's liked Lagerfeld's collection so much that there are already plans to "get behind it" in five of the chain's 15 stores. Perse of Maxfield liked it too, but the Lagerfeld company's insistence on a minimum order of \$50,000 cooled his enthusiasm just a touch, especially since his customers go for the less striated styling of Miyake and Yamamoto.

Budgets may be a matter of greater moment to smaller operations like Maxfield's than to Bloomingdale's or Bergdorf's. But when a buyer prices a garment (\$48 for a Comme des Garçons wool T shirt, \$523 for one of the shearing coats Montana designs for Complice) it is usually presented at "first cost." The designer's fee, as well as the tab for actually making the garment, and the designer's sales expenses and promotion budget are often included. What a U.S. store pays, however, can be as much as 1½ times the first cost—the "landed" cost of the clothes, which covers all the freight, customs and handling charges. Lest any aspiring store owner shrink from such an investment, it should be recalled that each store marks up these imported garments between three and 3½ times its first cost. That's retail to you, Jack, and perhaps now it comes a little clearer how stores can make a profit even on half-price sales.

With those numbers somewhere in mind, and operating with a psychic sketch of their collective clientele that is approximately as accurate as a police composite ("The average customer will never understand that," said Kaplan, dismissing one particularly intricate Ferre

blouse), the buyers run through the racks of clothes. If it can be said to exist at all, fashion sense is an amalgam of taste, whim, herd instinct and anxiety. Buying clothes for a store may not be a weighty responsibility, but it is a significant one. By determining what parts of a collection are bought, and in what quantity, the buyer affects not only the fortunes of a designer's company but also the public perception of his entire line. Only the press, the buyers and a few friends see any designer's work whole. In this way, buyers are a little like producers who look at a movie

Cerebral draping from Comme des Garçons



and pick out some of the best scenes to make the sleekest short subject.

If such a chilling procedure seems like the bill that craft pays to commerce, it still unsettles those designers, usually the best ones, who put a premium on their creativity. "I create an image, but this look often disappears in the stores," says Giorgio Armani. "Buyers tend to misinterpret the idea and the allure of the designers," grouses Jean-Paul Gaultier, whose clothes attempt to transform the pandemonium of London rock fashion into a whimsical redefinition of youth à la mode. "They buy a big, oversized suit in a small size so it becomes superclass, not all me." Issey Miyake expects buyers "to be creative. Sometimes they're afraid and I say, please, try. I expect people I work with to do something fresh. That way they don't get tired of me and I don't get tired of them."

"Designers," responds Tommy Perse, "think everything they do is a seller. But they're wrong." If they think they are right, however, or if they do not like the way the store features their clothes, or if their business managers think the store has spent too little, designers can refuse to fill further orders. Miyake, who correctly sees himself as an international designer, declined to be part of an upcoming Bloomingdale's "Japanese promotion" and will open his own boutique at Bergdorf's this summer.

Designer boutiques are the most direct line the designer can set up to the public. There is probably no other creative endeavor that reaches its audience in such a piecemeal, erratic and subjective way as fashion. A kind of half-frenzied, operational friendliness animates buying sessions, covering—but not consistently concealing—certain inevitable animosities. The buyers think they are being pushed too hard to spend too much. The designers keep a little distance, knowing, at least, that any buyer is capable of the kind of catty commercial aside that was overheard in Miyake's Paris salesroom: "All my Issey customers have fat asses."

If that is all one buyer could see in the wondrous fall of Miyake's fabric and the eye-dazzling depths of his layering, two things become apparent: she should not have been buying his clothes at all, and, surely, she will not be buying them well, simply because she does not understand them. But all designers are subject to such whims, and the public pays for them. Customers cannot shop in showrooms. They must rely on stores, whether run by conglomerates or a single entrepreneur, and on the taste of the buyers. No one doubts the profitability of such an operation, but there is also, inescapably, something slightly strange about it. Clients, collectively, are not only customers, they become children for whom Mommy and Daddy are still buying clothes. And what you can get is only what you see. —By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Dorie Denbigh/Paris and Elizabeth Rudolph/New York

Books

Gadfly Glory, Martyr's Farce

99 NOVELS: THE BEST IN ENGLISH SINCE 1939

by Anthony Burgess; Summit; 160 pages; \$10.95

ENDERBY'S DARK LADY, OR NO END TO ENDERBY

by Anthony Burgess; McGraw-Hill; 160 pages; \$14.95

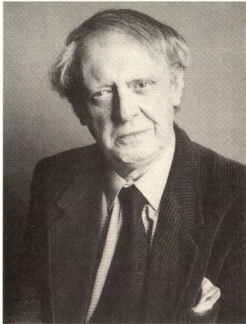
This dual publication appears to be as reckless as it is immodest. In *99 Novels: The Best in English Since 1939*, Britain's Anthony Burgess sets up a personal pantheon of later 20th century fiction; then, in *Enderby's Dark Lady, or No End to Enderby*, he offers the latest sample of his own handiwork in that line.

"If you disagree violently with some of my choices," writes Burgess in his introduction to *99 Novels*, "I shall be pleased." Of course. Why put together such a list unless it is idiosyncratic and provocative? His selections, each defended in a brisk essay of a page or so, include such eyebrow raisers as Erica Jong's *How to Save Your Own Life* and Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger*. "It is unwise to disparage the well-made popular," he warns.

The democratic Burgess incorporates most of the canonized major figures (Joyce, Faulkner, Nabokov, Hemingway), but he is in his gadfly glory when he argues for the underrated. At times he pays tribute to a neglected master like Joyce Cary, of whose *The Horse's Mouth* he writes: "Depicting low life, it blazes with an image of the highest life of all—that of the creative imagination." At other times he elevates a merely unfashionable craftsman like Budd Schulberg, for whose *The Disenchanted* he makes the dubious claim: "No fiction has ever done better at presenting the inner torments of a writer in decline."

Burgess's most personal predilections come into play not only with the lopsided Englishness of his choices but with his embrace of verbally experimental books (Mervyn Peake's *Titus Groan*, John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*) and of sci-fi or futuristic visions (Kingsley Amis' *The Anti-Death League*, Aldous Huxley's *Ape and Essence*). His list is as striking for what it leaves out as for what it includes. Every reader will have his favorite omissions—after all, that is half the fun of literary parlor games like this—but just to name five: John Cheever's *Bullet Park*, Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity*, J.F. Powers' *Morte d'Urban* and almost anything by Peter De Vries and Barbara Pym.

A further omission is anything by Anthony Burgess, though the author coyly hints that one of his 27 novels might round off the list nicely. If so, *Dark Lady* is not the one. The book is too casual and sketchy, with a string of improbable, scurrilously farcical episodes serving for a



Anthony Burgess: "It is unwise to disparage the popular"

Excerpt

“ From nowhere, though it might have been the flies, the word *fire* was, with a howl, repeated. The house lights came swiftly up. Enderby now saw, very rarely revealed, real seated people ready to unseat themselves, a lot of them, uneasily looking for the source of the cry or the source of the referent of the cry. *Fire*. 'Stay where you are, damn it,' Enderby yelled, as people began to panic their way into the aisles... the beginning of a dangerous pushing out... 'Blast it. Back, you stupid buggers.' And, to the gasping orchestra, 'Play, damn it.' Shakespeare on the *Titanic*. They began to play, though not all the same thing. The audience, which had seen on films audiences tumbling out from fires, ready to trample, tumbled out none the less, ready to trample. Bloody Americans, no discipline, ”

plot. It measures up to only one of the criteria that Burgess applies in *99 Novels*: the novelists' capacity to create "human beings whom we accept as living creatures."

The English poet F.X. Enderby, aging, dyspeptic, chronically unfulfilled and disaster prone, is a character so alive that not even his creator could kill him off. Starting in 1963, he has made his disorderly way through three previous Burgess novels (*Inside Mr. Enderby*; *Enderby Outside: The Clockwork Testament*, or *Enderby's End*), emerging from the lavatory where he writes his unappreciated poems to suffer such indignities as a bad marriage, scandal, a breakdown and success as a screenwriter. In the finale of *Clockwork Testament* (1975), Visiting Professor Enderby succumbed to a weak heart and culture shock on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Yet now ("to placate kind readers" who objected, Burgess maintains in a sub-subtitle) he pops up again.

This time Enderby is in Indianapolis, reluctantly scribbling the libretto to a musical crudely based on the life of Shakespeare. His position, as usual, is hopeless. Middle America is all Philistine hostesses and barbarous halls. At the theater, he bemoans the "limited talents, New World phonemes and intonations and slangy lapses, ceity towards the past, Pyrrhonism and so on of this weak cry of players." His only consolation is his *Dark Lady*, a savvy black soul singer named April Elgar, who rekindles his lechery (but not his performance) and stuns him by sprinkling her jive talk with quotations from Kant.

As it was in Enderby's previous incarnations, his buffoonery is a form of martyrdom to art. What gives it weight here is a pair of short stories he writes about Shakespeare. They form the opening and closing chapters of *Dark Lady*. The first, *Will and Testament*, is a bawdy historical pastiche in which Shakespeare, with Ben Jonson's connivance, manages to insert his name in the King James translation of the *46th Psalm* ("Though the mountains shake... He cutteth the spear..."). The other, *The Muse*, tells of a scholar from an alternative universe who time-travels to Elizabethan England to verify Shakespeare's authorship of the plays. The scholar meets a bad end, but his copies of the plays fall into the hands of the Bard, who blithely plagiarizes them.

For Enderby, made superstitious by a fire and other misfortunes that plague the Indianapolis musical, the stories are a way to make a fondly mocking peace with Old Will's ghost. As he insists to the actors, "The human side of a great poet... must not be traduced. The dead seem to have their own way of responding to the law of libel." —By Christopher Porterfield

Vertical Heirs

THE KNIGHT, THE LADY
AND THE PRIEST
by Georges Duby
Pantheon; 311 pages; \$16.95

Wives shut away in remote châteaux. Virgin brides abducted by power-mad lords. A mysterious wedding night during which "the love in the husband's heart had changed to repulsion." Georges Duby's fluid, urbane study of the mating habits of 11th and 12th century gentlemen and ladies in northern France may occasionally read like a paperback gothic, but that only serves to make its thesis more intriguing. Duby, a distinguished French medievalist, believes that it is to these fierce and distant nobles that we owe the modern concept of marriage.

Early on, says the author, church authorities, led by St. Jerome, regarded even licensed sexuality as "something repugnant and did their best to keep [marriage] as far away as possible from all that was sacred." By the Carolingian era, matters had changed—slightly. Marriage was now "a medicine instituted to cure lust."

This new philosophy made eminent sense to the nobility, whose view of marriage had grown increasingly pragmatic. The wedding, Duby explains, was "a political weapon" used to forge alliances, acquire new lands, and, most important, produce sons so that the family's aristocratic virtues could be passed on. If male heirs were not forthcoming, or if new coalitions were needed, the wife was casually and abruptly set aside—reputated is

the expressive term Duby uses—in favor of a more utilitarian model.

But by the 11th century, the church fathers no longer regarded such expedient arrangements with indulgence. Concerned about the world to come, they attempted to purify and dominate the world of here and now by narrowing what was permissible in marriage and,

betwixt, characterizing it as a sacrament. This predictably outraged the nobility, who felt their connubial customs were no more than obedience to God's command: procreate and rule.

Duby regards the growth of feudalism as the ultimate cause for change. Kinship, once perceived horizontally as an interlocking network of cousins and uncles, now was looked upon vertically, as descent from a single ancestor. Heads of families came to see the church's insistence on indissoluble marriages as a way to ensure the legitimacy and inheritance of their heirs. "Society and Christianity had changed together," Duby concludes. "Neither one nor the other model had been vanquished; they merged."

This synthesis was not a linear move-

ment; it ebbed and flowed over centuries, and Duby's ruminative, discursive style suits it well. For the impeccable scholar is also something of a wanderer, happily unable to resist the droll phrase or the eye-catching aside, like his passing nod to a comely damsel who took "lengthy dips in the fishpond, where the knights of the chateau enjoyed watching her swim in her white shift." It is typical of Duby's modest spirit and his book-long concern with the ancient status of beleaguered wives that he ends his study with a plea: "We must not forget the women. Much has been said about them. But how much do we really know?" Not everything, certainly, but far more than we did before the author began these charmingly erudite investigations.

—By Kenneth Turan



A medieval marriage festival

Openers

SLOW LEARNER
by Thomas Pynchon
Little, Brown; 193 pages; \$14.95

The urge to make an impression on the public consciousness does not combine easily with the desire to go through life unnoticed. Witness the besieged reclusiveness of Grete Garbo, J.D. Salinger and the late Howard Hughes. They all made the same mistake: trying to change the rules of celebrityhood after they had become household faces. Author Thomas Pynchon, 46, apparently anticipated this problem during his adolescence. The only photograph of him to surface publicly shows a typical American teen-age male circa mid-1950s: crew cut, protuberant ears and a sleepy stare. Since then, nothing, not even a forwarding address; rumor has him spending a lot of time in Southern California. An eerie question arises: How did the young Pynchon know that his writings would one day set readers off on a quest to find him? His prescience has proved remarkable.

His first novel, *V*, (1963), with its fu-

sion of paranoia and surrealism, provided one of the most impressive literary debuts of the decade. *The Crying of Lot 49* (1966), shorter and more straightforward than its predecessor, won more converts to the growing Pynchon cult. And the encyclopedic *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973) stunned both critics and readers as the most ambitious American novel since *Moby Dick*. Through all the awards, invitations and beseechings that accompany success, Pynchon remained an invisible man.

Slow Learner, a collection of five short stories written and published while the author was in his early 20s, has no photograph on the dust jacket. Pynchon fans have come to expect that. The book does offer one major surprise: a 20-page introduction that amounts to Pynchon's first public gesture toward autobiography. Yet for all the apparent candor of these remarks, buyers should still beware. Pynchon criticizes the young writer he once was on a number of counts: for having a tin ear for dialogue, for tailoring plots and characters to the design of abstract concepts, for using language as a form of showing off: "I will spare everybody a detailed discussion of the all overwriting that occurs in these stories, except to mention how distressed I am at the number of tendrils that keep showing up. I still don't even know for sure what a tendril is."

This statement, coming from the author of *Gravity's Rainbow*, is simply not credible. If he can absorb and then brilliantly embellish the scientific progress that led up to the development of the V-2 rocket, he can look up *tendril* in a dictionary. And Pynchon's stories are not as bad as he claims. *The Small Rain* rather artfully juxtaposes the tedium of peacetime Army service, a catastrophic hurricane and sex. *The Secret Integration* accurately catches the locutions of an alcoholic jazz musician. *Under the Rose* is an evocative spy story set in a kind of operetta Egypt, with all the local color lifted, as Pynchon admits, from a Baedeker guide for the year 1899. From the germ of this story sprang *V*.

On the whole, Pynchon's early works are flawed but disciplined exercises by an apprentice who already senses the sorcerer he will become. Pynchon's attempt to dismiss himself as just a regular guy is charming but a little disturbing, suggesting a weariness with the task of being different. He even includes a sentence that implicitly questions the wisdom of remaining in hiding: "Somewhere I had come up with the notion that one's personal life had nothing to do with fiction, when the truth, as everyone knows, is nearly the direct opposite." This might be taken to mean that Pynchon could pop up on TV at any moment, explaining himself to Donahue or Barbara Walters. But the best bet is that he will continue to let his books do all the talking.

—By Paul Gray



Georges Duby

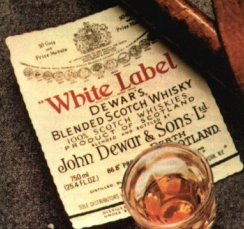


Pynchon



The trophies are few and
the purses small,
but the reason to run in the
Glendevon sheepdog trials
is as old as the Scottish hills
themselves. Sooner or later,
every dog has his day.
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in life stay that way.

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never varies.



Authentic
The Dewar Highlander



Goldie Hawn works the *Swing Shift*

Sweet Saxophonist Williams

John Lone thawing out

Guttenberg and Gaynes

Cinema

The Greening of the Box Office

Three new movies hope to match the boffo *Police Academy*

Traditionally, spring marks the dog days of the movie business. This year, though, Hollywood is sending up a happy howl over a quartet of surprise hits: Disney's man-meets-mermaid comedy *Splash* (\$37.5 million in 31 days); Warner's tony *Tarzan* epic *Greystoke* (\$14.8 million in ten days); Fox's distaff Raiders rip-off *Romancing the Stone* (\$12.5 million in ten days); and a rowdy ensemble farce, *Police Academy* (an astonishing \$30 million in its first 17 days). Herewith, reports on three new contenders and the reigning champ:

SWING SHIFT

Come back with us to working-class Los Angeles in the 1940s, when hubby went off to war and the little woman stoked the home fires on an aircraft assembly line. Kay Walsh (Goldie Hawn) has left her doll's house to play Rosie the Riveter and fall into an uneasy dalliance with her boss (Kurt Russell), a 4-F Romeo who has seen one Alan Ladd movie too many. Meanwhile, Kay's nice-guy husband (Ed Harris) has joined the Navy; to her, for now, he is just a memory on the mantelpiece.

Swing Shift moves like a show horse with a faulty sense of direction. Rob Morton's script lacks both the grit and the incidents for flat-out comedy; it stolidly refuses to kindle the spark of romance between Kay and her swains; and while her girlfriends at the plant seem ripe to make an oddball ensemble, Director Jonathan Demme deflects their few chances for feminist fun. Through the oilcloth of nostalgia one can still spot some fine performances. Hawn unerringly registers Kay's every emotion with the wide-eyed intensity of a six-year-old; Christine Lahti is a delight as the tart cookie who lives next door; Holly Hunter shines as a brand-new war widow. With their devoted handiwork, the *Swing Shift* aircraft almost takes off.

—By Richard Corliss

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON

Someone finally had to say it: New York City is not quite as dangerous as Johnny Carson makes it out to be in his monologues. On the other hand, things are not as beamish in the Big Apple as Director Paul Mazursky would have them seem in this all too agreeable fable about a Soviet circus saxophonist who suddenly decides to defect from his touring troupe when his previously apolitical mind is blown by the capitalist splendors of Bloomingdale.

The store scene is wonderful, a perfect paradigm of the kind of tangled wrangle no true New Yorker can resist joining. By the time the sequence is over, the FBI and the KGB are disputing sovereignty over Vladimir Ivanoff's befuddled soul, helped along by the N.Y.P.D., the store's security force, a nice lady from the perfume counter, a gallant homosexual from men's wear and assorted shoppers. Thereafter, though, the film loses its verve.

Robin Williams, who seems to have absorbed something of the Russian soul while acquiring a persuasive Russian accent, is excellent. He provides all the sweetness any picture needs. One keeps hoping Mazursky and Co-Scenarist Leon Capetanos will introduce some contrasting flavors. Until Vladimir encounters some afterthought muggers, everyone he meets is unflinchingly helpful and kind; he has no difficulty finding jobs, an apartment, friends of both sexes. Yet every fairy tale needs to have a wicked witch; her broomstick is always useful as a lever to pry us upright in our seats and as a goad to keep us there.

—By Richard Schickel

ICEMAN

Civilization stinks. This is the message of virtually every nature-vs.-nurture parable to hit the screen lately, from *Splash* to *Greystoke* to this feral melodrama about the encounter between a group of Arctic

scientists and a prehistoric man they find miraculously preserved in ice. Tenterhook anxiety builds in the film's first hour as the scientists (led by Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse) discover and then thaw out the creature (played by the gifted actor-director-choreographer John Lone). But once Hutton and the creature establish contact, moviegoers must make a great leap of faith, or surrender to the influence of an illegal hallucinogen, to watch the proceedings with a straight face. By then Director Fred Schepisi and Screenwriters Chip Proser and John Drimmer have all surrendered to Neanderthal sentimentality, and the rest is silliness. —R.C.

POLICE ACADEMY

It is the solemn annual duty of film critics to explain why some feckless movie like *Animal House* or *Caddyshack*, *Stripes* or *Porky's* is, ahem, not really a very distinguished work. And perhaps express concern for the fate of American thought and culture when such films achieve blinding commercial success. The shame of the nation this year is *Police Academy*.

Yet aside from its most obvious defect—the absence of Bill Murray from the cast led by Steve Guttenberg—the picture does not awaken the denunciatory spirit. Like others of its ilk it is solidly grounded in three great traditions of low comedy: it is cheerfully contemptuous of authority; it is leeringly respectful of the shapely female form; and, above all, its director, Hugh Wilson (who wrote the film with Neal Israel and Pat Proft), understands that you can go a long way in comedy on sheer energy. His picture seethes like a study hall when the teacher has stepped out of the room. Everywhere you look someone is making funny noises or thinking about wrecking a car. There is even something for the odd adult here: a dreamily delicate performance by George Gaynes as the academy's superintendent, a man whose mind went AWOL a couple of decades back. In other words, *Police Academy's* gains at the box office are not entirely ill gotten. Mack Sennett would have understood them. —R.S.



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Essay

An Age of Organized Touchiness

Wendy's first "Where's the beef?" television commercial is a small masterpiece of lunacy and perfect timing. But the Michigan Commission on Services to the Aging was not amused. The hamburger drama, said Commission Chairman Joseph Rightley, gave the impression that "elderly people, in particular women, are senile, deaf and have difficulty seeing." The point of the ad, of course, is that non-Wendy's hamburgers are so small that anyone would have difficulty seeing them, regardless of race, creed, sex, age or membership in an organized pressure group.

To their credit, the Gray Panthers issued a statement declaring Wendy's innocent of ageism and announcing themselves pleased that the three women were not shown as quiet victims in the face of hamburger abuse. The Panthers, as it happens, have their own problems with overreaction, attacking the immortal Christmas song *Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer* (Grandma had too much eggnog and forgot her pills) and letting scriptwriters know that old people should not be shown with wheelchairs, canes or hearing aids. In supporting Wendy's, the Panthers took the opportunity to fire a warning shot, disguised as a compliment: "... it is especially accurate to portray the elderly as the critical and discriminating consumers they are, from hamburgers to health care." One may wonder why it is "especially accurate" to portray oldsters as all-round shrewd consumers when the rest of us are bilked regularly enough and will presumably remain just as bilkable in old age.

The choice of language by the Panthers and Mr. Rightley gives the game away. In an age of organized touchiness, the goal of many lobbying groups is not so much to erase stereotypes but to reverse them so that there is never an image of any group that falls very far short of idealization. Infirm oldsters and ethnic criminals exist in the real world, but they are not to exist on screen.

John Blamphin, director of public affairs for the American Psychiatric Association, thinks many of his fellow media watchdogs are overly sensitive. He hated the "terrible stereotype" of cruel psychiatry in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and loved the kindly, concerned therapists of *Ordinary People* and *M*A*S*H*. But he does not expect every fictional psychiatrist to be unremittently wonderful. The Dudley Moore character in *Lovesick* left him properly ambivalent. "The good news is that he tells her, 'I can't be your doctor any more,'" Blamphin says. "The bad news is he's standing in her shower when he says it."

Those who monitor entertainment and advertising for various lobbying groups could use a dollop of Mr. Blamphin's balance and humor. Stage and screen these days are littered with the gored oxen of one outraged group or another. Puerto Ricans and blacks sued to block the filming of *Tort Apache*, *The Bronx*, declaring it racist. Homosexuals tried to disrupt production of *Crising*. Oriental activists protested a recent *Charlie Chan* movie, forcing the maker of the film into a preproduction whine about his respectful treatment of the famous Chinese detective. Sioux Indians demonstrated against the book *Hanta Yo*, which contained passages on the ferocity of the Sioux. Under the guidance of many Sioux advisers, the television version will tone down the savagery and concentrate on the spiritual side

of the tribe with a production entitled *The Mystic Warrior*.

The feminist group Women Against Pornography zapped a Hanes Hosiery commercial as sexist, which surprised the advertising agency involved. Men were indeed looking at a woman's legs, as they tend to do in "Gentlemen Prefer Hanes" commercials, but the story line of the ad was a female's successful attempt to join an all-male club over the stuffy objections of a Colonel Blimp type. In Congress, Mario Biaggi demanded hearings on the issue of whether two new productions of *Rigoletto* are offensive to Italian Americans. Both the English National Opera and the Virginia Opera Association are updating Verdi's tale of a contract killing from 16th century Mantua to 20th century New York City. Amid charges of "stereotyping," the opera executives backed down a bit: the Metropolitan Opera (host to the English company) dropped all references to the Mafia and Cosa Nostra, and the Virginia Opera inserted a program note apologizing for its bullet-marked poster. Cubans and Cuban Americans were officially affronted by the Al Pacino version of *Scarface*. Producer

Martin Bregman, who is Jewish, felt compelled to point out that there are more crooked Jews than Cubans in the film. A Miami city commissioner helpfully suggested that Bregman could deflect criticism by making the protagonist an agent of Fidel Castro, sent to Florida to discredit Cuban Americans.

Even generic criminals with all-purpose names like Miller and Greene can raise a hackle or two, at least if they appear in westerns: some members of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History argue that the lawmen were not as good or the outlaws as bad as presented in movies and on

TV. Given the number of watchful pressure groups, it would seem the path of wisdom for film makers to make their villains middle-aged, middle-size heterosexual Anglo males. But even this is risky. Social Scientists Linda and Robert Lichter complain that prime-time TV criminals are usually "middle- or upper-class white males over age 30" and more apt to be rich than poor. The Lichters were acting as the hired guns for the Media Institute, a conservative, probusiness lobby. The institute, along with Mobil Oil Corp. and Accuracy in Media, would like to purge the tube of crooked businessmen.

The lobby for disabled people has been particularly strong, and occasionally implacable. For the 1979 film *Voices*, a love story about a deaf woman and a would-be rock singer, MGM hired deaf actors and a deaf professor as a technical adviser. This was insufficient to placate the deafness lobby, which boycotted the film because it lacked captions and because the heroine was played by Amy Irving, who is not deaf. MGM plaintively said it had gone "to all ends" to find a deaf actress for the lead and wondered why it was being punished for producing a positive film about deaf people. Even a later version with captions added failed to satisfy the lobbyists. Jerry Lewis may think he is doing good work with his muscular dystrophy telethon, but he has been under fire for years from various disabled groups for featuring helpless children rather than self-sufficient adults, for inducing pity and for implying that the disabled cannot make it without outside help.

Much of the yelping at the media seems deeply trivial. A



Essay

New York coven of witches complained when ABC televised *Rosemary's Baby*. A marine biologist was bothered by the negative image of sharks in *Jaws*, and UFO enthusiasts groused when a woman was raped by a space alien on *Fernwood 2 Night*. Their point was that aliens do not go around raping people, and indeed there is little evidence that they do. The National Association to Aid Fat Americans mounted a stout protest against the Dom DeLuise movie *Fatso*. The group does not mind the word fat, but fatso is a red flag. NAAFA also took a swipe at the Diet Pepsi campaign for showing "emaciated, almost anorectic women." No rebuttal has been recorded, possibly because there is as yet no thin people's lobby to return the fire.

What would life have been like in Hollywood if there had been a short people's lobby or a Hibernian Anti-Defamation League when Jimmy Cagney was shooting up the back lot at Warners? Or when the Dracula movies were made? ("Neck sucking is another way of loving"—Vampire Liberation.) Though the past is hazy, the future is not. Here is how a few old-time classics will doubtless be made to deflect all criticism:

Tom Sawyer, Indian Joseph, a deaf brain surgeon and weekend spelunker, is falsely accused of hanky-panky with Feminist Attorney Becky Thatcher in the caves above Hannibal, Mo. Once cleared, Joseph and Thatcher team up with the Junior Chamber of Commerce to defend Tom Sawyer, a young entrepreneur defamed by antibusiness townspeople for allegedly exploiting Fence Painter Huck Finn. Prejudice against women, businessmen, Indians and deaf surgeons is delightfully exploded.

The Public Enemy's Kiss of Death. A mentally alert lady in a wheelchair, fresh from running the Boston Marathon, shoves Richard Widmark down a flight of stairs in justified retribution for centuries of male oppression. For much the same reason, Mae Clarke grinds half a grapefruit in the face of tall but sexist Breakfast Partner Jimmy Cagney. Though clad in a nightgown, Ms. Clarke is shown carrying barbells and a briefcase to indicate she is not a sexual object. ("At last, a movie about strong, achieving women"—Alan Alda. "Thanks for exploding the myth about stairway safety"—Otis Elevator Co. "We resent the stereotyped connection between grapefruit and violence. Legal threat to fol-



low"—Florida Citrus Commission.)

Mr. Dante's Inferno. Dante and Virgil tour the underworld, which contains no one of Italian extraction and, in fact, no one of any ethnicity at all. They are shocked to find, however, that many sexual variationists, venture capitalists and members of other disadvantaged minorities are being cruelly punished for their alternative lifestyles. ("This is right out of the Middle Ages," quips Dante. Virgil is quick to protest that many short people, left-handers and vegetarians are among the tormented. A clever A.C.L.U. lawyer closes the place on a

building-code violation.

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab, an emotionally well-adjusted and two-legged maritime naturalist, pursues a generic gray whale with binoculars and a Peterson field guide. ("If this be 'obsession,' let's have more of it"—Save the Whales. "Call us happy. Can't wait for *Moby Dick II*"—Seafarers' International Union.)

The Lone Ranger. Crusading Reporter and leading Gay Activist H.R. ("Tonto") Redmann goes under cover to unmask a deranged and excessively macho former lawman turned vigilante. Mr. Ranger is depicted as far from typical of most former lawmen, most heterosexuals and most white folks in general. His derangement is sensitively handled and shown to be the result of societal prejudice and a mistaken reading of the Miranda decision. All those perforated by Mr. Ranger's silver bullets are likewise portrayed sympathetically, and Tonto bans the use of the word outlaw as stigmatizing. ("A tale we can all identify with"—Native American Gays [NAG]. "O.K. with us"—Society of North American Retired Lawmen [SNARL]. "Shows we are all victims"—John De Lorean [JD].)

The Back of Notre Dame. Handsome Football Star J.J. Quasimodo, on vacation in France, saves a self-sufficient but bound-and-gagged professional woman from a fiery death at the hands of a maddened Parisian throng. Movie deftly makes the much needed social statement that people supposedly "handicapped" by lower back pain can easily perform impressive feats of rope swinging and feminist lifting. ("A bell ringer"—the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh. "The first positive film about a man whose name ends in a vowel"—Representative Mario Biaggi. "Kudos for a great flick about Frogtown"—the Rev. Jesse Jackson.)

—By John Leo

Milestones

ENGAGED. **Patti Davis**, 31, actress daughter of President and Mrs. Ronald Reagan; and **Paul Gribble**, 25, Los Angeles yoga instructor, whom she met two years ago while both were taking yoga classes; in Paris. A White House announcement, issued after Davis phoned to tell her parents, confirmed widespread rumors, reported that her mother was "very happy" and noted that the nuptials would probably take place before the end of the year.

MARRIED. **Pete Rose**, 43, record-racking baseball superstar, now playing left field for the Montreal Expos; and **Carol Wollung**, 29, a former model from Lawrenceburg, Ind.; both for the second time; in Cincinnati. Rose hoped to celebrate the occasion by getting his 4,000th career hit in his home town, against the Cincinnati Reds, but failed. On his next outing, the day before his birthday, he doubled

against the Phillies in Montreal and became the second man, after Ty Cobb in 1927, to reach 4,000.

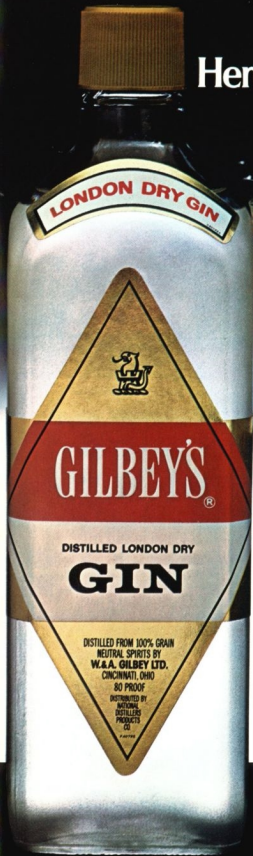
CONVICTED. **Henry Lee Lucas**, 47, confessed murderer, who last week increased his claimed total of victims between 1975 and 1983 to 360 across the U.S., saying that he had killed using "most every way but poison"; of the strangulation and attempted rape of one of those victims, an unidentified woman hitchhiker; in San Angelo, Texas. Lucas was sentenced to death, and is already under 75-year and life sentences for two other Texas murders and faces at least 18 indictments in five other states.

DIED. **Christopher Wilder**, 39, playboy race driver, suspected multiple kidnaper-rapist-murderer and object of a nationwide FBI man hunt who in the past two months left a blood-spattered trail of at least eleven

new victims first in Florida and then as he fled to Nevada and back to the Northeast; after being shot twice, possibly with his own gun, during a struggle that occurred when two state policemen confronted him at a gas station; in Colebrook, N.H., ten miles from the Canadian border.

DIED. **Pyotr Kapitsa**, 89, Nobel-prizewinning Soviet physicist who made major discoveries in magnetism and low-temperature and plasma physics but who was placed under house arrest in the last years of the Stalin era for refusing to conduct nuclear weapons research; in Moscow. He spent much of his early career at England's Cambridge University, until Stalin in 1934 pressured him into staying home by creating Moscow's Institute of Physical Problems, which Kapitsa headed until 1946 and then from his post-Stalin rehabilitation in 1955 until his death.

Here's to more gin taste.



Here's to tastier martinis. With Gilbey's.
It's the gin that gives all your drinks superb gin taste.
Gilbey's. A gin taste worth a toast.



The new gasoline-powered 190E 2.3 Sedan for 1984. It is designed to do anything a "sports sedan" can do—but

The new 190 Class: the quickest reflexes Mercedes-Benz has ever built into a sedan.

THE ADVENT of the new 190 Class marks the advent of an automotive phenomenon.

This \$24,000* Mercedes-Benz sedan—in gasoline-powered 190E 2.3 and 190D 2.2 diesel versions alike—is as supremely civilized an automobile as any that has ever borne the name. Yet its over-the-road performance is fully as exhilarating as any sports car or so-called sports sedan sold today.

REVELATIONS ON A WINDING ROAD

Its 104.9-inch wheelbase, its 14½-foot length and its under 2,700 lb. weight help define the 190 Class as a new equation of space and mass and energy—the trimmest and lightest Mercedes-Benz sedan of the modern era.

Its new multilink independent rear suspension meanwhile defines the term "breakthrough." Each

rear wheel is precisely located by five individual links, positioned according to the principles of *spatial kinematics* and meant to maintain each wheel constantly in an ideal relationship to the road.

Rear wheel "steering" tendencies are thus eliminated. "That means the back goes where you want it to go," explains one automotive journalist, "instead of where it wants to go. That, in turn, means better handling at no sacrifice in ride."

Small wonder that *Road & Track* has ventured the opinion that the new 190 Class "will challenge some of the finest sports sedans in the world on just about any road you choose."

The praise might be taken further yet. Of all the superbly road-worthy production cars Mercedes-Benz has ever built, this may be the most superbly roadworthy of

all. As one quick run down a stretch of winding road can prove, far more eloquently than words.

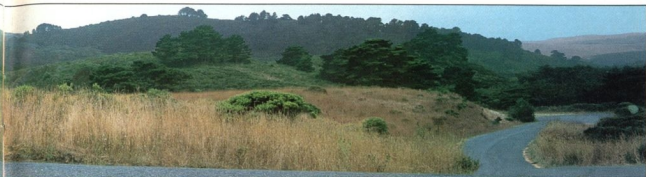
ALMOST A RACING ENGINE

With its cross-flow cylinder head, hemispherical combustion chambers and overhead camshaft, the 190E's new 2.3-liter four-cylinder gasoline engine might almost be taken for a pure racing design. Nothing about its smoothness or torque suggests the typical four—nor does its test-track maximum of 115 mph-plus. Controlling it is an innovative fuel injection system *combining* the wizardry of electronics with the simplicity of a mechanical operation; Mercedes-Benz steals a march on the industry again.

The 190D 2.2 Sedan not only introduces a brand-new four-cylinder diesel engine, but places it in new surroundings: *encapsulated* within sound-deadening paneling, even underneath. Factory tests reveal a drop in noise emissions of five decibels.

You can choose between five-speed manual and four-speed automatic versions of either model. Both are designed for quick shifting and spirited driving. The new hydraulically controlled torque-converter automatic, with its tunnel-mounted lever, can be flicked through the gears in manual fashion whenever you choose.

One of the key functional advances of the new 190 Class is its shape. It emerged not from a styling salon but from nine cumulative



to do it with the poise, the comfort and the smoothness that help make a Mercedes-Benz a Mercedes-Benz.

months of wind tunnel tuning, and emerged with a 0.35 coefficient of aerodynamic drag—for comparison, within .01 of the sleek new two-seater Chevrolet Corvette. Even the forged light-alloy wheels play their aerodynamic part. They are flat, smooth, wind-cheating discs.

The 190 Class performs with

all the brio of what is called a sports sedan, but, in truth, it is too versatile and practical a design to be one. Into that 14½-foot wedge have been cut four wide-opening doors. Inside is provided passenger space for five. There is even a large (i.e., 11.7 cubic foot) trunk. Inducements enough for the sports

sedan aficionado to graduate at last to a Mercedes-Benz.

"GOOD SEATS. STRONG SEATS. MERCEDES SEATS." —Autoweek

Interior design and layout are pure Mercedes-Benz—from steel-sprung, deeply padded front bucket seats, to almost three and a half feet of front legroom, to fillets of hand-finished wood trim.

Your \$24,000 brings you, among other things, an exhaustive list of amenities and conveniences as standard equipment. Even the electric sliding roof is a non-extra-cost option in the 190 Class.

Wind noise is suppressed to near silence at highway speeds by aerodynamic design and by scrupulous fitting of every door and window. A second firewall between the engine and passenger compartment serves to help muffle engine noise. Rattling and squeaking sounds are obviated by welding of the body and chassis into a rigid, single structural unit. Road rumble from beneath is soaked up by a 39-lb. blanket of plasticized undercoat.

The new 190 Class represents the most extensive research and development effort in the history of Mercedes-Benz. What has resulted from that decade of technological exploration and refinement ranks as one of the most remarkable automobiles in the history of Mercedes-Benz.



Engineered like no other car in the world



PLAYERS GO PLACES

Low Tar Players.

Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's



Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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